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The Week

THE series of world events of overwhelming importance experienced in recent weeks was somewhat moderated during the seven days ending December 22. In Spain the military advantage continued with the loyalists. Sharp protests came from Soviet Russia over the burning of the freighter "Komsomol" by the rebels. It was reported that England and Italy have come to an agreement for the maintenance of the status quo in the Mediterranean and some observers saw in this the beginning of an important new international alignment. From Germany came stories that large bodies of troops, perhaps as many as 60,000 men, may be sent to join the rebels in Spain, ostensibly as volunteers but in reality constituting part of the German regular army. . . . The Far Eastern situation remained obscure. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was still alive, contrary to reports a week earlier. Nanking wavered between negotiations for his release and a punitive expedition against his kidnaper, Chang Hsueh-liang. The revolt against the central government spread to Kansu province, as reports were circulated that Chiang might be released for a ransom of $30,000,000. . . . England settled down under her new ruler, George VI, although many angry protests continued to be heard against the Archbishop of Canterbury for his stinging criticism, in a radio broadcast, of Edward and his friends. . . . The Pan American Conference at Buenos Aires prepared to close its sessions this week after adopting a series of tentative agreements for consultation in case of war which may mean much or nothing, depending upon the spirit in which they are carried out. . . . Colonel Batista, the Cuban dictator, moved to dismiss from office President Gomez, who had shown unexpected independence in objecting to a heavy tax on sugar, the funds from which would be used to set up army-controlled rural schools.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, back from South America, last week plunged into a mass of pressing duties in preparation for the opening of the new Congress a fortnight later. Most urgent of these was the need for a new appropriation of $500,000,000 for continuing the WPA, the last previous fund of $1,425,000,000 now being almost exhausted. . . . Christmas buying was reported to be about 10 percent ahead of last year and particularly heavy in the luxury trades, a fact probably connected with the epidemic of bonuses and extra dividends, which in turn is related to the tax on corporate surplus. . . . John D. M. Hamilton, who helped to get the Republican Party the worst beating of its history, was rewarded with a salaried position at $25,000 a year for the grim task of wiping out the party deficit, some $900,000. . . . Ominous rumblings indicated that strikes might take place in the near future in coal, steel, automobiles and rubber, all through unions affiliated with the CIO. . . . David Milton, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller Jr., revealed at a hearing of the SEC how he got control of a $218,000,000 investment trust with $13,000 in cash and 6,300 shares in an inactive company. . . . The group of progressive Senators lost an important figure with the death of Senator Peter Norbeck. . . . As the strike of the flat-glass workers became almost 100-percent effective, and the ranks of the seamen's strike held firm, the Senate Civil Liberties Committee revealed the fact that tear and nausea gas worth nearly $500,000,000 had been bought in less than four years by public and private

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agencies in the United States. . . . The Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of arms embargoes as part of a neutrality program.

IT WILL be months and perhaps years before the results of the Pan American Conference can be evaluated correctly. On the surface, the United States would seem to have suffered a diplomatic defeat, since its most cherished projects were rejected. This country had hoped to see a new treaty signed paralleling our domestic-neutrality legislation and providing for joint automatic suspension of credits and the export of arms and ammunition to both or all belligerents in case of a war in this hemisphere. The foreign ministers of the twenty-one republics were to constitute a continuing committee to consult in case of emergency. The Latin American nations that are members of the League insisted, however, on thinking first of their obligations under the Covenant, and as a result, the various agreements signed all boil down into a plan for consultation in case of any war anywhere that seems likely to endanger this hemisphere—a scheme that may mean much, or nothing. Each nation has full liberty of action. In addition, a multitude of projects were started or revived, looking toward closer cultural relations and an emphasis on the maintenance of peace through arbitration and conciliation. The Monroe Doctrine now disappears formally as it did in fact some time ago. The United States propagandized, with some success, against high tariffs and special barter arrangements like those set up by Germany. All these achievements thoroughly justify the holding of the conference. They do not, however, substantially strengthen the position of the United States in relation to the next major war in Europe or Asia, a problem that remains as the most important now facing this country.

LABOR organization is making rapid progress in a half-dozen directions. Workers are pouring into the steel unions and a public conference of leaders is being planned to frame demands. Automobile production is being held up by strikes in plants making parts and glass; the CIO has challenged General Motors to deal with the independent unions. The radio industry is seething. The electrical-equipment industry is being organized. Thus, encouraged by the results of the election and by revival of production, the workers are moving toward realization of their natural desire for legitimate unionism. It is generally assumed that all this portends an era of long and bitter strikes. That is probably true, yet if the strikes come, who will be at fault? The General Electric Company has just provided an admirable object lesson of the fact that the unionization of workers need not lead to open warfare. The National Labor Relations Board held an election in the GE Schenectady plant to determine whether the workers desired to be represented by the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America or by the company union. The employers did not oppose this proceeding in the courts or otherwise, and took pains to help in making the election fair. The United won by a majority vote, and will be recognized by the company as the bargaining agent of the employees. There is no reason why the same absence of strife should not accompany the organization of steel, motors and the rest—no reason, that is, except the stiff-necked attitude of the employers.

FURTHER reports on the status of the Communist armies in China, to which we made editorial reference last week, are now available. Mr. Edgar Snow, staff correspondent of The London Daily Herald, the only foreigner recently in Communist China, says specifically that the armies of the Chinese Soviets now number not less than 100,000 troops, including a body of 2,000 cavalry. The mounted troops are particularly valuable in the mobile, guerilla warfare at which these armies are adept. The soldiers are described as good physical material, mostly young men of seventeen to twenty-three, with officers only slightly older. The men receive no pay beyond an allowance for certain small luxuries such as tobacco, but they fight with the zeal of converts, receive political lectures daily, and Mr. Snow regards them as among the most incorruptible troops in China. They are well if roughly fed, have just been issued new winter uniforms and are well armed with war material, all of which has been captured from their enemies. Contrary to reports of Russian control, Mr. Snow says that he found no Russian Communists whatever with the army and the only European assisting the Chinese troops turned out to be a German. Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Central Soviet Government, emphasized his willingness to coöperate with the Kuomintang and the Nanking government for active warfare to repel Japanese aggression. Mao said the Soviets would be willing to submerge their identity in a democratic popular front and submit to the laws of a central government if the government were truly representative of all China and actively engaged in an anti-imperialist campaign.

A REPORT recently published by the WPA on the situation of the tenants on cotton plantations, based on a study of 646 plantations and 9,000 tenant families, throws additional light on the present conditions in the Cotton Belt. The study showed an average cash income among tenants of $312 annually, of which one-third is spread over two-thirds of the year; housing standards below those of any other section of the population; clothing "of the coarsest, crudest character"; dietary standards as low as those in housing; notable deficiencies in milk and butter, and death rates from typhoid and paratyphoid twice, and from pellagra and malaria three times, the national average. This sort of existence, which the report refers to as "submarginal," is engulfing more and more of the formerly independent Southern farmers, and escape from it, by becoming an independent owner, is made nearly

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impossible by ferocious rates of interest. It is reported that although landlords pay from 10 to 16 percent on short-term credit, tenants pay 37 percent on the advances on which they live until the crop can be sold. The report goes on to discuss the measures that have been proposed in alleviation of this condition, such as the Bankhead-Jones bill, rural-rehabilitation, work-relief, diversification-of-crops programs, and the like, but it is obvious that they would be only a beginning of the real work that needs to be done.

WHEN the Supreme Court decides the case of Dirk De Jonge it will decide whether the Oregon Criminal Syndicalism Law, one of a number of such laws in force in the various states, is constitutional. De Jonge was convicted under this law for speaking at a meeting held under the auspices of the Communist Party during the longshoremen's strike of 1934, when the jury found that the Communist Party was an organization generally teaching or advocating criminal syndicalism, although no such teaching or advocacy took place at the meeting that De Jonge attended, a meeting to protest police raids. He was sentenced to seven years in the state penitentiary, and, after rehearing had been denied by the Supreme Court of Oregon, the case was appealed on the ground that the Oregon statute as applied to De Jonge and as construed in his case violated the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. This statute and the similar ones elsewhere have been used, actually or potentially, as a threat against progressives of all sorts, and against labor organizers.

THE Province of Quebec, Canada, seems to offer the most direct possibilities for the growth of a fascist movement of any territory on the North American Continent. Anti-Semitism, French-Canadian nationalism and preservation of the Catholic faith are the rallying cries that are lining up large numbers of youth organizations in a program that needs only a name to make it overt fascism. The recent visit of Isabel de Palencia and a delegation of Spanish loyalists to Montreal caused the youth organization to stage a series of sporadic riots and demonstrations that lasted all day long. They succeeded in forcing an apparently spineless (if not actually sympathetic) city government to ban a scheduled public meeting, and police made virtually no effort to interfere as mobs shouting, *"A bas les communistes! A bas les apostats!"* smashed windows in Jewish stores, assaulted one McGill University professor and shouted abuse at newspaper offices. Observers in Quebec say that the Catholic Church, alarmed by growing economic unrest and the overthrow of a provincial party government that had held office for forty years, is raising the bogey of communism and giving tacit approval to such things as anti-Semitism and the nationalist aspirations of French Canada in order to steer the people away from more progressive points of view.

RECENT good news about civil liberties: Charges against Lawrence Ross, Dave Saunders and two others for blocking the sidewalk when they held a political meeting in San Francisco, September 21, were dismissed by the prosecution when they came to trial. . . . Bad news: A meeting for the representatives of the Spanish government who have been touring the country was called off in Rock Island, Illinois. After the Catholic bishop of Peoria preached a sermon against the meeting, the press, which had been quite cordial, turned to strict neutrality, a radio station canceled a series of promised free broadcasts, two hotels canceled their contracts to rent their ballrooms, and the use of the Labor Temple was refused by the bank that held its mortgage. . . . An article in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch describes a Red-scare in New Orleans and charges that civil liberties there "are reduced to mere academic theories." . . . Seventy authenticated cases of radio censorship by radio stations throughout the United States since 1930 are covered by a study, "Radio Is Censored!" published recently by the American Civil Liberties Union.

THE seventh article in the series, "The Next Four Years," will appear in The New Republic for January 6. It is entitled "The Next Four Years in the TVA," and is written by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan.

Nazi Morale Begins to Crack

SLOWLY the sands are running out of Hitler's economic hourglass. Germans are startled to hear that after January 1 they will all have to register in order to get any fats; butter will be rationed. There is a shortage of wheat; collections from the peasants have not been adequate; Germany will have to depend on purchasing abroad to an extent that alarms her leaders. At the same time, reduction of grain stocks throughout the world has made their prices jump. It will be a strain to find the necessary foreign exchange. Import of fats and other food staples has been deliberately restricted in the interest of paying for materials necessary for armament expansion, but in the end fats and bread are just as essential for war as are tanks and aircraft. Apparently the program of growing enough food for self-containment has not been progressing as its sponsors had hoped. It was an overambitious program at best, and was scarcely compatible with the regressive agricultural policy of small family farms and hand labor which the Nazis favor.

Germany badly needs a foreign loan to finance her imports. She has needed it for a long time, but by various ingenious devices has been enabled to put off the absolute necessity. Such a loan is obviously impossible in either Paris or New York, and although certain interests in London have, according to report, regarded it with favor in the past, political considerations have provided a formidable obstacle. This obstacle has in recent months grown higher

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rather than the reverse. Britain has become thoroughly alarmed by the growth of German and Italian armament—so alarmed as to burden her budget with the cost of an enormous new arms program of her own. Many in England believe that Germany may have returned to the Schlieffen plan formulated before the last war—a plan which involved crushing British power swiftly at the beginning of hostilities. British apprehensions were not lessened by the announcement of the new Japanese alliance, or by the brazen German intervention in Spain.

For a long time it has been urged in private conversation that London might grant Germany the credits she needs if Hitler would drop his rearmament program. But of course that is the heart of Nazi policy, and to stop it would be to acknowledge political defeat. In addition, German spokesmen point to the embarrassing economic consequences of such a change. Though the program has resulted in a shortage of food, it has kept heavy industry busy and has brought about a considerable amount of reëmployment. Something very like "prosperity" has swept over German industry as it buckled down to the task of making weapons. To stop this activity would increase unrest. To substitute for it a different policy of production that would equip the country for peace instead of for war would be to install something very like socialism, and this is anathema to the Hitler philosophy.

There are signs, too, that in both Germany and Japan the more level heads are beginning to be alarmed by the fear which the foreign policies of their respective governments have instilled in the rest of the world. The new alliance was a miscalculation; it did not draw France and Great Britain into an anti-communist crusade, but on the contrary stiffened their determination to resist the aggression that the treaty seemed to portend. Italy, which was expected promptly to join the imperialist coalition, has not done so. She too is apparently getting a little nervous. She too needs supplies and credits. Perhaps the policy of bold challenge has been overdone. The Spanish intervention is not prospering; Franco is not winning and probably cannot do so without more foreign troops. But there may be an end to the patience of other nations in this affair.

Japan trembles on the brink of war with China—a war that, in spite of present internal dissension, would quickly unite the Chinese. But many in Japan now fear the possible consequences. What would be Britain's attitude? Would the Soviet Union throw her immense power into the scales? Would it be safe to count even on non-intervention by the United States? It is difficult to see the end of such a momentous step. Many Japanese dislike to share so openly in the unpopularity that Nazi Germany has created for herself in the Western world.

It may be that a crisis of decision is approaching on account of imponderables like these. Some sharp choice may be necessary, if not immediately, at least within the next year. Will the aggressive nations admit that their policy of threats has lost its usefulness, and will they try somehow to make terms, since they cannot go much further without fighting, and are not really strong enough to be sure of winning if they do fight? Or, on the other hand, will desperation lead them to strike in the hope of quick victory, since the end of the road is in sight unless they break through?

How Holding Companies Work

GEORGE A. BALL is the new railroad prince. He controls railroads that extend from New York via Chicago and St. Louis to New Orleans and El Paso, from Norfolk to Denver. He is a strange successor to Gould, Vanderbilt and Harriman. He spent his life making jars for housewives' canning, not railroads. He never fought a stock-market battle. He paid $247,000 to help out a friend's friend, and when O. P. Van Sweringen died the whole enormous tangle fell in his lap. Unbelievably, it was as simple as that.

Maybe it is the last—in any case it is the most fantastic—chapter in the history of the Van Sweringen railroad enterprises, this aging little man, George A. Ball, coming from his glass factory at Muncie, Indiana, to take control of the enormous industrial and railroad empire, about which he knows nothing except that he controls it. Perhaps he will not control it long. Time, or the banks, or the Interstate Commerce Commission may alter it, but at the moment control it he does. Oddly enough, he possibly learned more from his recent appearance before the Wheeler committee in Washington than the committee learned from him. He knew very little about the railroads that he controls. He knew only that he owned Midamerica Corporation, which in turn controlled Alleghany Corporation, which in turn controlled Chesapeake Corporation, which, together with Alleghany, controlled Chesapeake and Ohio, Nickel Plate, Erie, Pere Marquette, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Missouri Pacific, Texas and Pacific, and one-half of the Denver and Rio Grande-Western. It is reported that as Senator Wheeler questioned him, he began for the first time, to realize what a tremendous power he had acquired; that he had at his disposal executive payrolls running into the millions, employee payrolls running into the hundreds of millions, that he was buying scores of millions of dollars' worth of coal, steel, wood and supplies of all kinds every year. The old gentleman had just never thought of the patronage that was suddenly his to dispense as he pleased. Apparently, he realized for the first time what industrial power really is—not so much money as the power to control money, whoever is its nominal owner.

From this angle, the picture that the Wheeler committee has drawn in its opening two weeks is

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both fascinating and, to some extent, grim. It has shown to what extraordinary limits the holding-company structure can be carried. It has shown that under our accepted legal and financial methods it is possible to set up a huge, centralized machine which can be governed, regardless of public authority, toward any end that its manager desires. The Van Sweringens themselves, during their lives, built it and governed it apparently with a single eye to expanding it, and such money as they made out of it they poured back in, but they created a self-perpetuating organization so narrowly controlled that it can be inherited or assigned like a baronial fief.

With this picture set before the public, the Wheeler committee has begun to explore the functioning of this organization. Here, too, it has discovered that such an organization can put itself effectually beyond control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. By its ability to sell with one part of its system and buy with another, it can create by pure bookkeeping the appearance of values that do not exist, that no one but itself has the power to check on.

The chief accounting officer of the Missouri Pacific, Mr. Johnson, appeared before the Wheeler committee, a bluff, honest, Middle Western business man who had spent most of his life in the service of the railroad. Haltingly, troubled, a little ashamed of his bookkeeping, he explained that he did the best he could with the fragmentary information and misinformation given him by his superiors in the Van Sweringen holding companies at Cleveland. The result, he admitted, was false.

In contrast were the assured witnesses from the New York banks, Mr. Anderson, of Morgan's, and Mr. Potter, of the Guaranty, who knew all about the financial transaction which was falsely reported on the books of the Missouri Pacific, had, in fact, financed the transactions in question, but just didn't feel that any further responsibility rested on them. Of course, it might be true that on the basis of the false bookkeeping, bonds of a railroad now in bankruptcy had been sold on the stock market and loans obtained from the RFC. It might even be true that the RFC had asked the Department of Justice to start criminal proceedings against Missouri Pacific (which the statute of limitations prevented), but all this could not possibly be the responsibility of Messrs. Anderson and Potter. To be sure, it was disclosed that during these transactions Mr. Potter's bank had voted the controlling stock of the entire Van Sweringen system, since this stock was pledged with it under the Alleghany bonds and the margin was insufficient, but this again was an irrelevant transaction altogether.

We have thus a typical cross-section of how holding companies actually work: the legal control lies with Mr. Potter's bank, but he feels that this is a technical matter only and does not exercise it; the actual control lies with the Cleveland holding companies—formerly Vaness Company, now Midamerica—but, since Vaness did not have legal control, nothing apparently had to be done there; the actual management of the property and the accounting of the railroad finances lies in a third place, in the case of the Missouri Pacific, at St. Louis, where even the senior officers on the spot confess they do not know the nature of the transactions they have to record.

The Wheeler committee has already accomplished much in its function of laying the factual basis for intelligent legislation. It has disclosed that the Interstate Commerce Commission has not been given powers broad enough to deal with holding-company control at the top, nor sharp enough to get at the facts in the railroads at the bottom.

Public Opinion Under the Microscope

A HANDSOME addition was made last week to the group of American learned journals. From the Princeton University Press came the first issue of The Public Opinion Quarterly, a periodical devoted, as its title suggests, to considering the influences which help to create mass attitudes on specific issues and the effects of these attitudes in turn on governmental and other policies. To one familiar with the sort of journals put out by the learned societies it is somewhat startling to see in the newest addition to this general field sober consideration of such lively contemporary issues as the straw votes and the election, President Roosevelt's conferences with journalists, what the press agents are doing, and the handling of the Spanish civil war by radio and the newspapers. The fact that the subjects discussed are contemporaneous does not mean, however, that the treatment is hasty or superficial.

Nearly all the articles in the first issue deal with the United States, and there is a sound reason for this, not mentioned by the editors. While it is true in the last analysis that all governments must have the support of the governed, and that no dictator could survive if his people—including his army—turned against him, it is also true that public opinion, created by the free interchange of numerous forces, now exists in only a small portion of the world. Two-thirds of the world population of roughly two billion persons is today under rigid and complete censorship; another two-ninths has a fluctuating and uncertain degree of free discussion of public questions. The last ninth, about 225,000,000 persons, consists of the United States, Great Britain and a few small countries, including the Scandinavian. Even in Great Britain we have just seen an effective censorship, partially self-imposed, which plunged the British population into the midst of the most serious constitutional crisis in generations without any adequate preparation of public opinion. In this country, also, there are plenty of forces busily and effectively engaged in poisoning the spring of truth at its source. There is not much exaggeration in the

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statement that The Public Opinion Quarterly has come into existence at a moment when the altar flame with which it is concerned is in danger of being extinguished, throughout the world.

Trouble in Wisconsin

THE CONTROVERSY that has arisen from the effort to remove Dr. Glenn Frank from his position as president of the University of Wisconsin has an importance far beyond the boundaries of that state. Dr. Frank charges, in effect, that he is the victim of a political persecution originating in the office of Governor Philip La Follette. The Governor and his friends deny this and make a list of accusations against the university executive whose general purport is that he is unfit to conduct the affairs of the institution. That President and Governor have long been at swords' points is widely known in Wisconsin and elsewhere. The situation is of particular interest to Americans concerned with the preservation of academic freedom. They often exert themselves on behalf of instructors accused by conservative administrators of "radicalism." Is there an issue of academic freedom involved when it is proposed to remove a college president who is well to the right, politically, of the dominant group in the administration of the state?

The charges against Dr. Frank, which will be aired in detail at a hearing in the near future, were summarized the other day by Harold M. Wilkie, president of the Board of Regents. Mr. Wilkie says that Dr. Frank does not possess the qualities necessary in a business or educational administrator; that the university community has lost confidence in him; that there is objection to his proceedings in the case of recent faculty dismissals; that he gives a disproportionate amount of time to such extramural activities as speaking and writing, and that his personal expenses have been unreasonably large. Dr. Frank, in a preliminary reply, says that the expenditures complained of were not personal but official; that the other charges are so vague and sweeping as to be almost meaningless; and that he is entitled to be judged by the record as a whole of his eleven years in office. During that time he says Wisconsin has risen from seventh to second place in the nation as a graduate school. The liberal-arts college has a percentage increase [presumably, in attendance] greater than that of any other large university. He calls attention particularly to the work in agriculture and to the Farm Folk School.

There is no doubt that this situation presents a grave problem to the La Follette administration, and especially in view of its important relationship to the progressive political movement throughout the country. The Board of Regents seems to be divided eight to seven against President Frank, and of the hostile majority it is publicly stated that five are individuals appointed by Governor La Follette in the recent past. It is unfortunate that of the entire Board of Regents not one person is known outside of Wisconsin, so that national public opinion cannot tell whether the Board's judgment is sound.

In this dilemma, we should like to make a suggestion to Governor La Follette and the Board. The one group that knows best what kind of administration the university has been getting consists of the members of the faculty; yet in this as in so many similar crises in other institutions, they have not been consulted. We propose that the five or six chief charges against President Frank be drawn up in specific form, and the members of the faculty invited to vote, in a secret, anonymous referendum, on whether or not each of these charges, taken individually, is well founded. They should not be asked to vote on the question whether the President should be removed, and the result of the referendum would, of course, be advisory only. With the numerical result for or against President Frank on each point made public, the country as a whole would have a solid basis of judgment as to whether the Board of Regents were justified in whatever action it might subsequently take.

It seems to us clear that if such a faculty plebiscite is to be held, it should be conducted, and the result announced, by some impartial outside body. For that purpose we urge Governor La Follette to appoint a committee of nationally known individuals of liberal temper and educational interests. Such names as Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Charles A. Beard, Dr. George S. Counts and Dr. William Kilpatrick come readily to mind. The committee should be large enough to make sure that a working quorum of its membership could be present at Madison at all times when this was necessary.

Supporters of Governor La Follette may argue that to appoint such a committee, and to conduct a faculty plebiscite, will take much time. So it will; and we do not believe that this fact is of any importance. The university has survived under President Frank for eleven years; a delay of a few weeks or months cannot do any great harm and is certainly preferable to his removal under circumstances which public opinion would view with distrust.

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Automobiles—Model 1937

THE 1936 automobiles (about 4,500,000 cars and trucks) offered little in the way of startling innovations or important advances in design—and 1937 cars offer even less. With a few exceptions the new cars are only more luxurious, comfortable, and have somewhat more pleasing external lines. Safety is being ballyhooed a lot, but the minor concessions in that direction will have a negligible effect on the increasing number of maimed and killed passengers and pedestrians. A new lower-priced economy-model Ford makes its appearance. The four-cylinder Willys is continued but now has a standard tread. A new Packard Six below the $1,000 price group is bidding for the patronage of somewhat-better-than-average income groups.

More room and comfort are obtained by widening the body—the rear fenders and the running boards are gradually disappearing as the body expands. Most of the cars are lower, and to avoid a tunnel down the center of the floor for the drive shaft, several makes have resorted to hypoid rear axles or extra universal joints. "Safety" steel tops have been generally adopted, Ford at last giving up the soft top.

In passing, mention must be made of the amazing multiplication of automobile trailers. Americans are literally taking to wheels—day and night—summer and winter. There are now some 700 trailer manufacturers, who produced about 35,000 tourist trailers in 1936. The industry estimates 70,000 will be made in 1937. A modern trailer isn't complete without a kitchenette-dining room, three or four beds or berths and a toilet with a shower. Some have forced-draft ventilating systems and a utilities coupling for electricity, water and gas. Corwin Willson's Mobile House consists of two stories with five rooms, bath, laundry and porch.

The Popular Makes

The new standard-tread Willys is so improved in outward appearance that it will no doubt find much wider acceptance than it has in the past. It is generally conceded that its designers have produced the best-looking front end of this year's cars, a distinct relief from the fussy grilles and ornamentations that have characterized cars in recent years. Further improvements in front-end design need hardly be expected while engines remain out in front of the driver. The four-cylinder, forty-eight-horsepower engine with its small piston displacement—134.2 cubic inches (only the new Ford V-8 sixty comes near it with 136 cubic inches)—should keep operating costs down. Its low-compression ratio will also allow one to use the cheap third-grade fuels without trouble from excessive knocking. It is to be hoped that the stock production cars will not be so flimsily constructed in several body details as the model on display at the auto show.

More than half of the cars in service on American highways are of two makes—29 percent are Fords and 25 percent Chevrolets. Ford bids for a wider market among the lower-income groups this year by installing the small sixty-horsepower V-8 motor, used in his European cars for about two years, in the same chassis and with the same body as the eighty-five-horsepower models. Considering the standards for "smooth power" and acceleration expected of a car by the average salaried worker in this country, this Ford probably offers the most satisfactory compromise of the low-priced cars. With its all-steel top, new cable-and-conduit braking system, pleasing front-end design and new instrument board and other interior "refinements," few cars, even those priced several hundred dollars higher, can offer more. The depression is still with the prospective buyer of a low-priced car, and he is probably willing to sacrifice something in the way of performance for extra miles per gallon of gas. The Ford retains the tunnel down the center of the floor—but this is to be preferred to hypoid gears or extra universal joints, which are bound to increase repair and service expenses.

General Motors, with its directing engineer Kettering, one of the chief exponents of obsolescence, continues to emphasize style appeal and unique features in presenting its mass-production car, the Chevrolet, to the public. This year's "complete" car has "speed lines," which we understand cost a lot of money because of the special stamping machines required to form them. The money might better have been put into heavier bumpers and greater durability of important working parts.

While Ford plans to reach the lower-income groups with his new low-powered engine model, General Motors appeals to the power-conscious public with a new and more powerful-engined Chevrolet. (The horsepower has been upped from seventy-nine to eighty-five.) No doubt this change was made to meet the competition of the eighty-five-horsepower Ford—"a performing fool." The body of this year's car is all steel—the top, cowl, body panels and floor are welded into one integral structure. Variations of this design have been incorporated by the Fisher Body Division of General Motors in all other of the various General Motors' lines, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, LaSalle and Cadillac. The floor is lower and to avoid a tunnel a hypoid rear axle was resorted to.

America's third most popular car, Chrysler's Plymouth, has been changed only in minor details

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this year. A few new safety features are being extolled in the advertising of all Chrysler cars—Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Airflow, Imperial and Royal.

In a smash-up the occupants of a car are apt to be badly lacerated or punctured by any protruding object in the interior of a car. To minimize such hazards to the front-seat occupants, throttle, choke and light switches in the new Plymouth are now made to disappear into the panel. A padded roll across the front seat will soften the impact of rear-seat passengers when thrown against the seat. A silk robe cord replaces the metal rail. Even pedestrians have not been forgotten. Occasionally it happens that a person struck by a car has a door handle or other protruding object imbedded in his skull (see The American Medical Association Journal for September 28, 1935). The handles on the Plymouth have been curved in to avoid the possibility of catching a person's clothing, but they are not recessed into the door as they might well be. But then no other makes have given that much consideration to the man in the street. The propeller-shaft tunnel in the floor has been eliminated by the use of a hypoid gear.

The 1937 Dodge has incorporated all of the safety features of the Chrysler line although specifications for the chief mechanical parts have not been changed. As with the Plymouth, a hypoid gear is used to eliminate the tunnel, and the new direct-action shock absorbers are used on both front and rear wheels. The radiator's false front has been moved forward several inches and the engine itself one inch. This extension of the front of the car and forward shifting of the weight is common with many of the new cars and results in some additional driving hazard. The Dodge is now priced about the same as General Motors' Pontiac, whose chief claim to distinction this year is the adoption of the linked-parallelogram front suspension after two years' experience with the Dubonnet suspension.

In addition to the general structural features common to the General Motors line this year, the Oldsmobile has increased the size of its engine. The Six is now rated ninety-five horsepower instead of ninety and the Eight one hundred and ten instead of one hundred. This change will naturally improve "performance" but decrease economy. Other changes are minor ones and are limited to restyling the front end and body, and lowering the floor. To avoid the use of a hypoid gear the propeller shaft is made in two parts and provided with three universal joints.

The Studebaker meets competition with a new face—a front end similar to the Ford and Lincoln-Zephyr, even to adopting the one-piece alligator hood. The floor has been lowered more than three inches by driving the rear wheels through a hypoid rear axle. The President is equipped with a "positive controlled automatic overdrive" which can be cut in or out at any speed above thirty-five miles per hour. Better gasoline mileage and longer engine life can, therefore, be expected for this model when used for urban and cross-country driving.

The oil industry is greatly perturbed by Studebaker's advice that oil need no longer be changed frequently because the engine is now fitted with a Fram oil cleaner. A big advertising campaign is being planned to offset this bit of economical advice—advice that may well be followed by all car owners.

Packard breaks into the Hudson, Buick, Nash price class with a new Six selling for $895 F.O.B. The small Six is very similar in many respects to the 120 introduced two years ago and has many of the well engineered features of that model. This fact and the halo which accompanies the name of Packard should enable this car to take first rank in number of sales in its price class.

Safety and Economy

Servicing troubles are bound to arise as a result of the wide adoption of the hypoid gear. Due to their method of meshing, stresses on hypoid gears are extremely great, running up to 400,000 pounds per square inch, and more if the gear is not rigidly mounted and properly aligned. The newly developed extreme-pressure (E.P.) lubricants must be used. Most of the car makes have adopted their own specifications for these and other special lubricants and as a result each service station should now carry some sixteen different lubricants and eight special brands if car owners are to follow the advice of the car manufacturers in lubricating their cars. It may be better not to follow such advice, as the recommendations of car manufacturers are very inconsistent and often unwise—some even recommending the use of corrosive lubricants. This point should be carefully weighed when choosing between a car with a low floor and no tunnel and one with a tunnel or a high floor.

Deaths from automobile accidents will rise to a new record this year (1936)—37,500 fatalities are predicted by the National Safety Council. In spite of the automobile industry's repeated denials, there can be little doubt that this huge toll of life is in large part traceable to the automobile's design—its super-powered engine, restricted window area, cowl and hood design, and lowered floors. By extending the front end of the car it becomes more difficult to see the road immediately ahead. This may account in no small way for the rapid increase of the number of children killed—ten percent more than in 1935.

A greater percentage of new cars is involved in accidents than of older ones. A recent survey reported in the S.A.E. Journal for August, 1936, shows that of the 494 accidents studied "3.77 percent of the cars in service during the period were built prior to 1925 and were involved in no accidents . . . 24.79 percent of the cars in service were built between 1925 and 1928 inclusive and were involved in 11.75 percent of the accidents . . . while

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15.10 percent of the cars in service were built in 1935 and were involved in 23.96 percent of the accidents." Cars built in 1936, not included in the foregoing percentages, had been on sale only three months, yet were involved in sixty of the four hundred and ninety-four accidents studied, which is more than the number of accidents involving cars manufactured in any year prior to 1934!

Excessively high-powered cars driven at their easily attainable speeds of sixty-five to eighty miles per hour not only suffer greater damage and result in more fatalities in case of accident, but their increased cost of operation is out of all proportion to the distance covered. A recent study made by the Tulsa Safety Council showed that a stock 1936 Ford averaged 13.42 miles per gallon when driven at 63.75 miles per hour, but at 39.3 miles per hour it averaged 20.48 miles per gallon. In 1,000 miles of driving this represents a saving of about $4.25 in gasoline alone.

Oil consumption is even more startling at high speeds. Reports from the General Motors Research Laboratories show oil-consumption rates to be around 400 miles per quart at 40 miles per hour and 50 miles per quart at 60 miles per hour, or a saving of more than $4.25 in 1,000 miles of driving.

In a recent test made by the Goodyear Company it was found that the tire wear on a car driven at 45.5 miles per hour was only 62 percent as great as on a car driven only 10.7 miles per hour faster, or 56.2 miles per hour.

The only conclusion to all this is that Americans must be satisfied with less speed and lower-powered cars. There is no way to justify the production of one-hundred-horsepower cars to be driven at breakneck speeds over unbanked highways leading out of one of our metropolitan areas, highways which change back and forth from one to four lanes in the course of fifty miles. It will be impossible to reduce the number of deaths from automobile accidents and increase the operating economy of autos while engineering departments of the automobile companies are under pressure to add only more power, plush and style.

Ford has just taken out a patent for a special brake to be used with a rear-engined car. Can we expect that at least one of his 1938 models will have the engine behind where it belongs, with the driver out in front with an unobstructed view ahead, to the sides and the rear, and with an engine designed for speeds compatible with our chaotic highways and street-signaling systems?

DEWEY H. PALMER.

A Letter to the President

MR. PRESIDENT: Every author knows that there are thoughts, upon which he has spent his utmost effort, that turn out to be less significant when published than he had fancied. And then there are other words, sometimes uttered lightly or written carelessly, as casually as Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address, which contain, unperceived at the moment they are uttered, the writer's finest achievement. Often the writer himself is ready to disclaim these important thoughts. He is fortunate if an editor or an admirer is at hand who will appraise them correctly and keep them from being discarded or forgotten.

I wish to address you, Mr. President, about an achievement of your administration that seems to many of us, though not apparently to yourself, to be one of the three most significant things you have accomplished. And I address you in haste—and in this public fashion—because you have permitted orders to go out which will turn this great achievement into a ruin, a ruin far more teasing and ironical, because of what the foundations have promised, than was the Washington Monument during those long years when its unfinished state was a reproach to the nation. The work I refer to is that which has been done under the WPA to support the artist as a working member of the community and to give the arts a permanent habitation in America. Through these efforts, the salvage of individuals, undertaken through this relief agency, has unexpectedly become the salvation of the arts; and it is as a historical and critical interpreter of the arts in America that I now make bold to appeal to you.

Other national matters have deservedly had your graver attention and your more vigorous effort; but the arts projects, like the writer's fortunate thought, have brought in perhaps the greatest return. I cannot believe that you yet recognize the importance of what has been done through these agencies, quite apart from their immediate aid in rehabilitating the starving and the destitute. For I believe that if you saw the values that have already been built up here, you would not undo the work, but would be ready to ensure its permanence and push it even farther. I wish to persuade you that indifference to the arts projects of the WPA would not merely be unjust to the artists themselves, who have worked with a zeal and a devotion of which we must all be proud; but it would be an outright betrayal of a unique opportunity that will not come back again, even if the blunder be perceived, without duplicating wastefully much of the effort that has so far been expended.

The excellence of the work done to further American art under the WPA may well surprise

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you: indeed, the most hopeful observer could hardly have predicted it. Public art has usually been another name for standardized mediocrity: the questions of selection, patronage and control are problems of such delicacy that countries with a long tradition in the arts have not always successfully solved them. And in our country, with its mixed population, its great diversity of regional and social characteristics, one might well have feared in advance the limitations of those convenient stereotypes which make life easier for the administrator at the expense of the purposes which he administers. By a happy stroke, those who were put in charge of the arts projects have understood both the nature of the arts and that of our country: they have worked out a combination of national, state and local initiative that, so far from creating a single arbitrary stereotype, has resulted in a great diversity of efforts, vividly shot through with the colors of the local region and the local community. These projects have given the artist a home; and they have planted the seed of the fine arts, hitherto raised under glass in a few metropolitan hothouses, in every village and byway in the country, renovating soils that have become sour with neglect, and opening up new areas for cultivation.

My own attention has been concentrated mainly on the work that has been done in the plastic and graphic arts, as well as in the factual exploration of the American scene being done for the first time through the Writers' Project for the American Guidebook; but I know that those who are interested in music and the dance and the theatre share my enthusiasm in equal degree for the work done in these departments: so I plead for the arts as a whole, even though I choose examples from the field with which I am most closely in contact. The actual achievement has been astounding, not less in quality than in volume. A great mass of talent, some of it the best our generation has produced, has for the first time been put regularly to work in the service of the community. The older artists have been rejuvenated by these new opportunities; many have produced their best work in this public capacity. And many younger artists, never before exhibited, have been discovered: a whole school of vigorous young painters has, for example, appeared in the Middle West. Both groups have been rescued from frustration and despair. Work has been found, appropriate work, for the most diverse capacities and for the most individual visions of life; and while the clumsy hand of esthetic dictatorship has not fallen on these projects, there has been a firm subtle pressure in the direction of what is strongest and finest in our inheritance in the arts.

The artists who have been engaged in these WPA projects have been given something more precious than their daily bread: they have at last achieved the liberty to perform an essential function of life, in the knowledge that their work had a destination in their community. The spread of this art, through new public agencies, is not less significant than its production. Through local museums and art galleries and special schools, many of which, like the museums in the South, are now serving communities that had been hitherto destitute of the fine arts, the artist has been brought into working relations with his fellow citizens. That contact has been beneficial in both directions. The easel paintings and prints and murals now spread on the walls of schoolhouses, town halls, hospitals and other public buildings bring new meanings, as well as new joys, into the life of the ordinary citizen. Industry does not supply these needs; it never has and, since the motive of profit is lacking, it never will. Private philanthropy is too puny to endow them. Nothing short of the collective resources of our country as a whole has proved competent to bring the fine arts into the lives of everyday Americans. When pianos were first shipped into the frontier towns of the West, Emerson hailed the enterprise: "The more piano," he observed, "the less wolf." One may well, without invidious intention, refer in similar terms to the moralizing and civilizing work of the WPA arts projects.

The production of paintings, prints and sculptures, though central to this grand work of re-laying the foundations of our popular American culture, is nevertheless only a part of it. No less significant, in their several ways, are the survey of historic buildings and the extraordinary work that has been started on the Index of American Design. None of this work is yet finished; in the nature of things it will demand continuous effort over many years: the historic-building survey, for example, does not in general carry beyond 1850; and it still has before it the vast and important documentation of American architecture beyond that point, when it began to make its more specifically American contribution. One may safely say that on the cultural side the history of the arts in America will never be adequately written until the material collected in these surveys is carried further and completed. Need I dwell on the importance of this fact? Need I stress the service the WPA projects have so far performed in deepening our regional foundations and making a permanent home for the spirit in our land?

To dismiss the workers on the arts projects and dismantle the projects themselves will not "release" a large body of people for commercial or industrial employment. There has never been a place in our present industrial system for the artist, except as a flatterer of the rich and idle, or as a mere servant of business enterprise. If the artist is effectually to serve his community, he cannot depend upon the private patron. Now that the community itself has devised appropriate ways for patronizing and encouraging the arts and giving them a permanent public home, it is time that art be taken for what it is—a realm like education which requires active and constant public support. The discovery of art as a vital factor in contemporary American culture was not, of course, the original intention of the

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WPA art projects. But the fact is that the discovery has now been made; and it would be blind, perhaps even perverse, to ignore its implications.

Broadly speaking, the experiment made by the WPA arts projects has been so successful that it urgently merits continuation—quite apart from the wisdom or charity of thrusting the artists now so usefully engaged back into the hopeless ranks of the permanently unemployed and destitute. Art has proved to be one of our relatively untouched public resources: a true form of wealth, whose wise and conservative exploitation under the guidance that has so far been given by the government will increase the happiness of the whole community. Can it be said of us that we could afford art when we were, as a nation, in dire need, and that we were ready to make art an outcast and a hanger-on as soon as the income of the country began to rise again? That is too bitter a paradox for a generous intelligence to accept.

For this reason, Mr. President, I respectfully urge you to revise—and that means reverse—the policy that is now apparently under way, of diminishing and finally cutting off the various agencies devoted to the employment of the artist and the spread of the arts in our country. In the WPA arts projects you and your administrators have, I believe, done better than you realize: you have created a solid public platform for American art and you have furthered a great civilizing influence, capable of solving, as no commercially supported arts can solve, the problem of how to use our collective wealth and our individual leisure with dignity and sanity and permanent delight. All this is to your credit and honor; the historian will note the achievement here. But to withdraw support at this moment would not merely strip away part of the value of the work already done: it would be to defraud future generations of the heritage that is justly theirs.

Like most representative Americans, Mr. President, you have shown that you still have the pioneer's gift for swift improvisation: the courage to meet a new situation with whatever resources lie at hand and the willingness to prove all things. But if to "prove all things" is a wise Baconian motto, one must not forget the second injunction: "Hold fast to what is good!" Without that discrimination and resolution even the virtues of the pioneer cannot endure. The worth of the WPA arts projects has been proved: a magnificent achievement. Now is the time, not to tear down the scantling, but to build the permanent structure.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Mr. Mumford's article was shown before publication to a small group of distinguished artists and connoisseurs of art, whose names appear below as an indication that they are in general agreement with the views he has set forth.

Suzanne LaFollette	Marsden Hartley
Thomas Beer	Paul Rosenfeld
Charles Sheeler	Paul Manship
Lee Simonson	J. E. Spingarn
Walter Pach	John Sloan
Rockwell Kent	George Biddle

Anti-Semitism in Europe

MODERN hatred of Jews, as erected into a program of expropriation and eventually of extermination, centers in Germany. Nazi Germany is the only nation in the world having specifically anti-Jewish laws on its statute books. As James G. McDonald wrote in his now famous letter of resignation as High Commissioner for Refugees, the program of the Nazi government is "designed to reduce 'non-Aryans' to a condition of impoverished unemployment and to take away from them the most elementary civil and political rights."

The motivation of the German anti-Semitic program is now clear. At a time when Germany was in no position to challenge the Treaty of Versailles or to antagonize any foreign power, the program of internal organization for war, with the lowering of living standards dependent on such a program, called for regimentation against the enemy. This is always the means of stilling criticism and of imposing absolute uniformity on a nation.

The Jews, upon the accession of the Hitler regime forming less than one percent of the German population, furnished such an "enemy," a defenseless group against whom traditional slanders could be employed to rouse passionate hatred. The history of what has since occurred is familiar to the world. The Jews became the helpless instrument for uniting the German nation in a compact fighting mass, organized primarily for war, and fortified by spurious doctrines of "race" and "blood" which overcompensated for the feeling of inferiority and impotence of a defeated people unable to retaliate against their victorious adversaries.

The Nazi program is a symbolic projection upon the future of nationalist programs directed at all dissenting minorities. Its ramifications include the entire range of human activity, economy, the arts and sciences and military politics. In the field of economics the New Economic Anti-Semitism offers a plausible if spurious solution for the disintegration consequent on rearranged frontiers and tariff, currency and trade barriers. The compact "racial" group is to receive the spoils derived from expropri-

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ating and driving out of remunerative occupations the designated internal "enemy." This program is to be fortified by "cultural" and social exclusions and, as a necessary adjunct, the progress of scientific thought must be submitted to the Procrustean regimentation necessary to the new "racial truth." Abstract truth ceases to be valid as a goal and its methodology is to be discarded.

The military-political scheme upon which the fortification and extension of this program depend involves the entire civilized world. For the doctrine underlying the program forms a means of penetrating those nations which may be necessary as military allies, and of dividing and undermining the mutual interdependence of those nations whose opposition is to be feared. Hence, the reputedly enormous sums being spent by Nazi Germany for anti-Jewish propaganda not only in the strategically important countries of Eastern Europe but in England, France, Belgium, South America, South Africa and the United States.

That the fears of a large part of the European world center in the power of Russia has been made a useful auxiliary to the Nazi program. If, on the one hand, Jews are accused as capitalists and "international bankers," on the other, they are linked with Moscow. Nazi propaganda moves in both directions, counting upon the credulity and ignorance of

The Position of the Jews in Europe[1]

Country	*General Population*	*Jewish Population*	*Restrictions on Jews*	*Economic and Social Situation of Jews*
Germany	66,044,161	400,000	Germany is the only country in which Jews are discriminated against by a body of law which specifically names them. Jews are held to be not part of the "German community" and therefore have neither civil nor political rights. Boycott and exclusion of Jews from education and professions, arts, and increasingly from every employment in commerce and industry, is part of the official government program. It is the expressed intention of the government to extirpate the 400,000 Jews remaining in Germany and the laws, their judicial interpretation and execution, as well as extra-legal activity, are directed to this end.	Half of the 400,000 remaining are workless, without any possibility of obtaining jobs. One in five of the entire group is estimated to be on relief. Increasing exclusion and boycott can only rapidly worsen the catastrophic condition.
Austria	6,759,062	190,000	The phrase "gum-shoe" or "rubber-soled" anti-Semitism has been coined in Vienna to describe the quiet and outwardly polite exclusion of Jews from government and from semi-official employment. This exclusion applies to the professions as well as to commerce and industry.	Approximately 175,000 of the 190,000 Jews in Austria are concentrated in Vienna, where poverty is intense among professional and former middle-class as well as among working people.
Belgium	8,092,004	63,000	Jews enjoy full equality.	Rexist movement, like all fascism, has strong anti-Semitic tendencies.
Bulgaria	6,090,215	47,000	No official persecution against Jews in Bulgaria, although the government intervenes in Jewish community affairs, controlling Jewish schools and community budgets.	Strong anti-Semitic movement. Educational opportunities limited.
Czechoslovakia	14,729,536	380,000	Jews enjoy full freedom. No racial prejudices in government circles. Anti-Semitic propaganda checked by the law.	Anti-Semitic movements affect earning power of Jews, especially desperately impoverished groups in Sub-Carpathia.
Denmark	3,550,656	7,100	Jews enjoy full equality.	
Estonia	1,126,383	4,500	No official discrimination. Jews still retain officially their cultural autonomy.	
Finland	3,667,067	1,750	Jews enjoy full equality. Anti-Semitic propaganda punishable by law.	
France	41,834,923	230,000	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality.	The fascist movement under Colonel de la Rocque has for the moment been decisively checked by the coalition supporting Premier Blum. Thousands of German refugees in France constitute a serious problem.
Great Britain	46,178,884	340,000	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality.	A fascist movement under Oswald Mosley directed against Jews is meeting strong opposition from labor and from all liberal forces in the nation.

[1] These population figures are approximate only—in some instances estimates. In some countries there has been no recent census.

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economically depressed populations and the absence of critical intelligence among all masses of people.

An examination of the economic circumstances of multitudes of Jews in lands where this propaganda is most active will quickly demonstrate the tragic absurdity of the claims of Jewish "menace" or "domination." In Poland, for example, where I was reliably informed last summer that fifty-two of the fifty-four daily newspapers were anti-Semitic, and where nationalist boycott has led to increasing sporadic outbreaks of violence, the Jews form something less than ten percent of the population. The peasants are poor. But the Jews are still worse off. The Jews are predominantly an urban population. They are the marginal traders and dealers and workers. Their position, the consequence of former legal exclusion from agriculture, is now further depressed by the state organization of industry and their exclusion from employment in all government work or state monopolies.

A commonly accepted figure designates more than one million of the three million Jews in Poland as subject to slow starvation. The professional classes are little, if any, better situated than the small traders and artisans. And all groups live on a scale which, though culturally intense, can be compared on the economic side only with that of the most miserable of sharecroppers in our Southern states.

To preach, as the nationalists do, either that Jews are a "menace" or that the agrarian problems

The Position of the Jews in Europe (Continued)

Country	*General Population*	*Jewish Population*	*Restrictions on Jews*	*Economic and Social Situation of Jews*
Greece	6,204,684	98,000	Jews not officially discriminated against.	In recent years Jews have been made a political football, and have been beaten physically. Anti-Semitism is an issue, though the Jews are strongly defended by public men and sections of the press.
Holland	8,392,102	115,000	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality. Propaganda of race hatred prohibited and punishable by the law.	Because of the proximity of Germany, the refugee problem is urgent. There is a well defined anti-Semitic movement in Holland.
Hungary	8,688,349	440,000	The government does not interfere with anti-Semitic activities. Officially Jews are not persecuted.	Anti-Semitism is strong. There is a definite *numerus clausus* in the universities.
Italy	41,176,671	52,000	No discrimination against Jews.	Anti-Semitic utterances have become more frequent since the ties with Germany have been closer.
Jugoslavia	13,934,038	70,000	Nazi centers of anti-Jewish propaganda closed by the police.	Strong anti-Semitism exists.
Latvia	1,900,045	97,000	Jews are excluded from the legal professions, although not by law.	Anti-Semitism is strong in both Latvia and Lithuania. In both countries there is extreme poverty among the Jews.
Lithuania	2,340,038	177,500	All Jewish teachers' seminaries are to be closed. Jews are excluded from the professions. No official restrictions.	
Norway	2,814,194	1,400	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality.	
Poland	31,927,773	3,150,000	Increasing establishment of government sales monopolies—*e.g.*, matches, salt, chemicals, buses—in which Jews receive no employment; restriction of *schechita*, or kosher slaughtering, thereby depriving many Jews of this employment; sanitary regulations governing operation of bakeries, groceries and food stores enforced stringently against Jews; exclusion from schools and a rigid *numerus clausus* at universities.	Masses of Jews impoverished. Over a million are literally starving, two million others desperately struggling against overwhelming odds to sustain life. Boycott in some communities amounts almost to "hunger blockade," preventing even purchase of necessary food. The widespread economic war against Jews breaks out in sporadic acts of violence, even murder, in many localities.
Portugal	6,825,883	2,600	No discrimination.	
Rumania	18,025,037	1,050,000	The *numerus clausus* approximating the *numerus nullus* in Rumanian universities. Government-controlled radio station, Radion, permits anti-Jewish broadcasts.	Extreme poverty throughout northern Rumania, especially Bessarabia. Universal boycott accompanied by sporadic acts of violence is intensifying desperate condition of Jews throughout the land.
Sweden	6,141,571	7,200	Jews enjoy freedom and equality.	
Switzerland	4,066,400	17,600	Jews enjoy freedom and equality.	A well marked anti-Semitic movement has not gained power.

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of the country can be solved by having nine million peasants crowd into the marginal positions now occupied by three million Jews, most of them miserably poor, is only part of the *reductio ad absurdum* of the extreme nationalist-anti-Semitic position in Eastern Europe.

In fact, were it not for the aid consistently and generously extended chiefly from America, since the terrible post-war years of anarchy and demoralization, by the Joint Distribution Committee—aid similar to that extended in Belgium, in Russia during the famine years, in the Near East—most of the Jewish institutions in Poland either could not have been reconstituted from the wreckage of war or would since then have had their activities curtailed, if not stopped altogether.

A similar tragic absurdity characterizes the situation in Rumania. Rumania provides two kinds of material of which Germany, in the event of war, would be in especial need. These products are, first, grain and fodder and, second, fuel in the form of oil. The political orientation of Rumania in the direction of the Nazi international program could be accelerated in two ways. First, it would be useful for this purpose to implant a general fear of democracy as tending toward communism. Second, it would be vital thoroughly to indoctrinate the entire population with fear and hatred of Jewish influence. Both means have been persistently and aggressively employed.

In Rumanian universities, as one close observer put it, the *numerus clausus* has become the *numerus nullus*. The propaganda of Professor Alexander Cuza, whose Cuzists parallel the Nazis in Germany and the Endeks in Poland, goes so far as openly to urge the extermination of Jews. The consequences of it have been attacks upon Jewish passengers in Rumanian railway trains, some of them resulting in the throwing of these passengers bodily from the railway cars while they are in motion; brutal assaults upon Jews in broad daylight in the parks of Bucharest, Chisinau and other cities; and a state of tension, punctuated by physical attack, which makes the safety and the lives of Jews precarious in many parts of Rumania, as they are in Galicia and other parts of Poland.

That there is nothing inherently necessary or inevitable in this condition of affairs I had ample opportunity to observe in those regions where the propaganda had not yet become virulently active. In a number of rural communities I saw Jews and non-Jews riding together on the roads in horse-drawn carts, working together in the fields and living in amity as neighbors. But always the Jews knew well that these relationships might be interrupted and quickly destroyed if the aggressive, persistent and well financed anti-Jewish propaganda entered the community.

Here again it is not the economic power and strength but rather the poverty and helplessness of the Jews which subject them to this warfare. No peasantry in the world, save perhaps in the Far East, is more desperately impoverished than the Jews of Bessarabia, and in fact of all northern Rumania. The same actual physical warfare conducted against the Jews of Poland goes on too against the Jews of Rumania. It is definitely part of the Nazi sphere of influence and here too it is only to the Joint Distribution Committee in America that these victims have been able to look for help.

In Austria, one consideration is uppermost in the minds of liberal observers, and that is the question of closer relations with Germany. Everyone knows that should Anschluss occur, the fate of Austrian Jews would be sealed as has been the fate of Jews in the Ruhr and in Danzig. Already the concentration of all but a fraction of Austria's Jews in Vienna, the impoverishment and degradation of the professional classes and the pressure upon the merchants have created a situation in which the maintenance of Jewish community life and institutions becomes increasingly difficult. Thus the mechanics of European anti-Semitism operate to starve and degrade those Jews who are most helpless, making their plight a claim upon the humanity of the civilized world, and particularly of their fellow Jews in lands of tolerance and freedom.

Elsewhere in Europe, however bitter may be the anti-Semitic movements, however rigorous the individual acts of discrimination, the social problems of the Jews remain their own, they sustain their community activities and their institutions without appeal to or help from the outside world.

Everywhere fascist activity shows the same characteristics. In England, Mosley, who began his career as a fascist with protestations that no hatred of the Jews was involved, has made anti-Semitism the basis of his entire program. His projected East End parade in London was direct provocation designed to bring this issue to the forefront. And it has brought charges that his program has been receiving financial aid "from abroad." In the other partially or fully democratic lands, including the United States, the flood of German-financed scurrilous defamation of Jews has always a clearly defined military-political objective. This is true of the Croix de Feu of France, the Rexist movement in Belgium, of similar movements in Switzerland and Holland. Even in Italy, hitherto exempted from anti-Semitism by reason of its small Jewish population and the distinguished service of Jews to the State, closer ties with Germany have resulted in anti-Jewish manifestations.

The tendency is one which no free people can afford to ignore. It involves minorities and principles of which, for the present, the Jews are merely agonized protagonists. As such, their fate represents a barometer of what may be expected for everything that we have been accustomed to rate and to call civilization.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

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The Spirit of Jazz

BENNY GOODMAN was born in what he now refers back to as the Chicago ghetto twenty-seven years ago, and about twelve years later showed up in knee pants on one of the river boats, to play in a small jazz band with Bix Beiderbecke, dead now and immortal (Go away boy, Bix is reported to have said, Don't mess around with the instruments). But Benny Goodman had with him a clarinet of his own which at that time must have been as long as he was, and he had a superior sense of music; he played with the band all right. He played around all the time in those first days, studying under good men, mastering his difficult instrument, and going to high school a little, and after that forming a band with a few boys from some sort of conservatory he attended—historic names now, Bud Freeman, Dave Tuft, Muggsy Spanier. And at the age of sixteen he went to the West Coast to join the Ben Pollack orchestra, which is as historic as the deuce. He stayed with the organization about four years, playing it out every night, working alongside such men as that force on the trombone, Mr. Jack (Big-Gate) Teagarden, learning. When he left Pollack he worked here and there in New York, in pit and stage and radio bands, recording and later getting up a band of his own.

But that is all an interim period for most of us. The general public must have heard his music at one time or another, but there was no ballyhoo to announce where it was coming from. Then less than two years ago he started going to town for the general public, and reports came back from the Palomar in Los Angeles that you could not get within fifty yards of the stand, and afterwards you could hear over the Congress Hotel's wire in Chicago that this might have been a sedate enough ballroom before, but now Benny was in and blowing the roof off, and they were yelling from the floor.

And this winter he is to be seen in the main room at the Pennsylvania Hotel. The room as you come in is spacious and warm with the air of moderately well-to-do living, people and tables filling the space around the floor and around the raised walk on all four sides, waiters and captains bustling in a quiet efficiency of silver and steam and flourish. But the far side of the room is the main side, where the boys sit high and easy in their chairs and Benny Goodman stands in front, quiet or smiling into the spotlight or tilting his instrument to the rafters as they rise to the take-off. Sooner or later they will lead into one of those Fletcher Henderson arrangements of an old favorite, and the whole riding motion of the orchestra will be felt even through the thick carpets and the babble of the crowd, and those with two feet under them will move out onto the floor, because the music can be heard best when it is fulfilling its original simple purpose, coming through the ears and the good living wood underneath. As they get along into the later choruses the boys will let out a little of that flash and rhythmic power which make these separate defined instruments into something indefinable, a thumping big band with the whole room under its thumb ("Got the world in a jug"); the floor will become solid with people, even some of the bare backs and stiff shirts will jolly up noticeably and perhaps do the truck a little (dear, dear).

And then even with the final blast of the out-chorus still echoing in the hall, everything is suddenly natural and work-a-day. The men put up their instruments, stretch, look about them, file off at random; Benny stands leafing through his music to give out the numbers for the next set, recognizing as many people as is expedient, later going off to sit at a table somewhere: How's everything, that's fine. Himself, he's on the wagon tonight; he drinks with glum heroism at a glass of plain water. "A scotch here and a soda there and where the hell are you in the morning? You know?" So now he feels better in the morning. He has a heavy voice coming from well down under the ribs and pleasant with the forthright lively concision of popular speech. Someone comes up, moving with vast importance, and desires that Benny should intervene with the Selmer people. They make clarinets and it seems they've got some conspiracy of imprecise mouthpieces as against the gentleman in question: if she plays good high, then she don't play good low; likewise vice versa. Benny says come around after, he'll see; then presently out of the side of his mouth: Never *was* one of the things that would play right by itself, you have to nurse it. You know a clarinet? What's he think I can do about a damn clarinet, drive me crazy. Benny Goodman looks sadly at the scotch on the table and drinks his water.

By now a slight and quiet young man has detached himself from the gossip and joshing of the musicians hanging around in the back, and drifted over to the piano—on which he has only time left to run through two numbers, if that. In a place like this, where there are too many dine-and-dancers too sure that a young man sitting at an upright piano can't be anything to hush your mouth about, Teddy Wilson is as fine an artist at starting late and quitting early as he is at his music, which is the finest. He runs through a few chords. Anyone who wants to hear it a little can move over to the piano. Some do. Just playing to amuse myself is all, Teddy says.

Well how about that Waller tune "Squeeze Me," Teddy; you used to play that pretty nice. Oh that? he says with his fine smile. I believe I forgot that

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one by now. He feels through the chords with unerring musical sense and listens for the turn of phrase in some backward corner of his mind—like the mind of any good jazz musician it is a treasury and stuffed catalogue of all the songs the rest of us have thought lovely and then presently put aside for new toys. He finishes, repeats the last phrase. Hm, I *knew* I didn't have that one rightly any more, he says, shaking his head. But the song is back for us, the song never died at all. He starts the first chords over and this time his right hand is released from concentration and free on the keyboard, and to get the pattern in music of those clear single notes without hearing the phrase as it is struck off, you would have to make some such visual image as that of a common tin plate scaled up into the sun, where there would be not only the flash and motion but the startling effect of flight, the rise and banking in curves, the hesitation and slipping off, and the plunge straight down coming suddenly. Wilson in his best mood of creation is something like that.

These nights he shows to better advantage when he comes out with the quartet. There, with something to work for, he really works and is fine in many ways. Remember that he is a Negro in a white man's world, a jazz player in a world where the thirst for music is so artificial it cannot attend with comfort anything not solemnized. And then see the quiet repose and lack of cocksureness, strut or show, the straightforward and friendly absence of assumption that comes only from a secure awareness of the dignity of a person and of his work. But even if this were the place for oversolemn pronouncements, there isn't the time. The stand is filling up again, the boys sucking on reeds, limbering up valves —doing whatever it is that musicians do with a sort of happy-go-lucky boredom. There is no more than time to say, as the first pop tune starts to go up in smoke, that memory may fade and the current musical note perish, but that fifty years around the recorded music of Mr. Teddy Wilson (now craftily surprised that the band came back so soon) should have established him where he belongs—not only great in jazz but among the best lyricists of any time or form.

Swing in, swing out, the band is up again and drawing the people out like the sun in the fable. With Krupa, Reuss (guitar) and the inspired quiet Stacey (piano) laying down a thick rhythmic base, it plays on through whatever songs are the demand of the day, making most of them sound like something. This is an organization in the line of the great jazz bands—Jean Goldkette, Fletcher Henderson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Ellington, Kirk, *et al.*—a little lighter than some of these but more beautifully rehearsed and economical, and with cleaner edges. The reed section, scored as such, is more prominent than in older hot bands, giving a fuller lyric quality; but the section (five men counting Goodman) has a hard skeleton of attack and swing that supports any relative lightness of brass. The band as a whole gets its lift from the rhythm men and the soloists as they take off; it is built from the ground rather than tailored—thanks to the talent, ideas and leadership of one man.

The recent spreading of interest in good jazz to some extent made Benny Goodman's current music possible, and to some extent was made possible by Benny Goodman's music. He got good men working together, got some ace arrangements of all the good tunes, new and old, and played them wide open though bands weren't supposed to be successful that way. It wasn't so much that he made the people like it as that he gave them a chance to see what it was like when done well (too many hot bands have sounded like a barnyard until they got going around 2 A.M.). And one of the important things about his show is that he went right ahead with the same method of getting good music when it came to the old color-line bogey. He would introduce Teddy Wilson as playing with the trio, and the people would bang hands for more (they say on some nights he even had to send the rest of the band home). So hotel managers would get the point almost painlessly: and could no longer say No beforehand, on the ground that people would not stand for it. And when the trio got Lionel Hampton to play the vibraphone, the balance between black and white was even (two of each), and still no kick. Stand for it?—the people stand up from their tables just to hear it better.

They play every night—clarinet, piano, vibraphone, drums, and they make music you would not believe. No arrangements, not a false note, one finishing his solo and dropping into background support, then the other, all adding inspiration until with some number like "Stomping at the Savoy" they get going too strong to quit—four choruses, someone starts up another, six, eight, and still someone starts—no two notes the same and no one note off the chord, the more they relax in the excitement of it the more a natural genius in preselection becomes evident and the more indeed the melodic line becomes rigorously pure. This is really composition on the spot, with the spirit of jazz strongly over all of them but the iron laws of harmony and rhythm never lost sight of; and it is a collective thing, the most beautiful example of men working together to be seen in public today.

It isn't merely hell-for-leather either. Gene Krupa, a handsome madman over his drums, makes the rhythmic force and impetus of it visual, for his face and whole body are sensitive to each strong beat of the ensemble; and Hampton does somewhat the same for the line of melody, hanging solicitous over the vibraphone plates and exhorting them (Hmmm, Oh, Oh yah, Oh dear *hmmm)*. But the depth of tone and feeling is mainly invisible, for they might play their number "Exactly Like You" enough to make people cry and there would be nothing of it seen except perhaps in the lines of feeling on Benny Goodman's face, the affable smile dropped as he follows the Wilson solo flight, eyes half-closed behind behind his glasses. There was a

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special feeling among them the first morning they recorded this piece, the ghost of the blues perhaps; and when the clarinet takes up you will hear the phrases fall as clear as rain, with a sustained glow of personal essence that starts where command of the instrument (the tension of mouth, delicate fingering, etc.) leaves off. Then Hampton sings a chorus, his vibrant hoarse voice and relaxed emphasis so appropriate to the general color; and when they take up again the instruments blend so perfectly as to be indistinguishable, singing in unison with a sweet breadth of tone that goes beyond the present place and time to some obscure source of feeling and native belief. The term swing—no more definable in words than the term poetry—is defined at its best in this piece, where the actual beats are lost sight of in the main effect, so that the inexorable and brute lift of the time signature as carried in Krupa's great drum seems fused in the harmony and melodic line of the song. And you may say of the excitement this thing starts in the blood only that these four men are quite simple and wonderful together, that they are truly swinging.

The quartet is a beautiful thing all through, really a labor of creative love, but it cannot last forever and as the band starts again you realize that even in jazz there are several kinds of musical appreciation. For if they'll agree to put on the "Bugle Call Rag" before the end of the evening I'll be willing to say there's nothing finer. There is some hidden lift to this old band standby, with its twenty quaint notes from the "Assembly" call dropping the barrier to a straight-out progression of simple chords—and they are off, riding it with collective assurance and fine spirit, the men in their sections, the sections balancing, the soloists dropping back with care for the total effect. The guests are presently banked in a half-moon around the stand, unable to be still through it or move away either; and as it builds to the final solid chords, Krupa becoming a man of subtle thunder and Benny lacing in phrases, the air is full of brass and of rhythms you can almost lean on. The music seems more than audible, rising and coming forward from the stand in banks of colors and shifting masses—not only the clangor in the ears but a visual picture of the intricate fitted spans, the breathless height and spring of a steel-bridge structure. And if you leave at the end, before the "Good-Bye" signature, you will seem to hear this great rattling march of the hobos through the taxis, lights and people, ringing under the low sky over Manhattan as if it were a strange high thing after all (which it is) and as if it came from the American ground under these buildings, roads and motor cars (which it did). And if you leave the band and quartet and piano of the Goodman show and still are no more than slightly amused, you may be sure that in the smug absence of your attention a native true spirit of music has been and gone, leaving a message for your grandchildren to study through their patient glasses.

OTIS FERGUSON.

Washington Notes

Will Madame Secretary Keep Her Post?—The Late Perkins-Johnson Controversy—A Woman's Place Is in the Cabinet

THE REPORT is once more current that Miss Perkins will leave the Cabinet, and that Mr. McGrady, the Assistant Secretary of Labor, will take her place. The chances are that the report is mistaken, not because Miss Perkins lacks powerful opponents here in Washington, but because Mr. Roosevelt has a long record of never dismissing anyone he believes has been loyal to him. According to a second rumor, Miss Perkins is to remain in the administration, but become head of the new Department of Public Welfare, which it is expected Congress will shortly establish. This also is unlikely. Both Mr. Hopkins and Governor Winant are potential candidates for the job, and both will have stronger backing than Miss Perkins.

There is only one defensible reason, it seems to me, for wanting to see Mr. McGrady step into Miss Perkins' marble and oriental-rugged office. This is that Mr. John L. Lewis and the CIO leaders are reportedly pushing for his appointment—although Mr. Lewis has made no public statement. Mr. Lewis is now in the midst of a great labor-organizing campaign. Few people seem to realize just what the CIO has done since election day. One-fifth of all steel workers have been organized, and men are joining up at the rate of 2,000 a day. Drives of crucial importance are in progress in automobiles, rayon, shipbuilding, glass, radios and rubber. It is possible to argue that, at such a time as this, the thing to do is to follow the leader and ask no questions.

However, this would be to disregard justice, which it seems to me, demands that Miss Perkins keep her post. What are the accusations made against her by liberals and radicals? They come down to the charge that she has occasionally failed to give public and aggressive support to groups of strikers. The S.S. "California" affair, last March, is a case often cited. Miss Perkins' opponents say that just as Mr. Wallace fights for the farmers, and Mr. Roper fights for business, so she ought to fight for labor.

Stated in this fashion, the accusation seems to me demonstrably naïve. The first necessity for a Cabinet officer is to avoid doing anything that might conceivably embarrass the administration and Mr. Roosevelt. Among farmers the nearest equivalent to the "California" strikers would be the members of the Farm Holiday Association. No one ever heard Mr. Wallace cheering the Farm Holiday Association. No one ever heard Mr. Wallace cheering the Farm Holiday members for preventing mortgage foreclosures. Among business men, the nearest equivalent would be the corner grocers, druggists and tobacconists. No one has witnessed Uncle Dan in mortal combat with the octopus of monopoly. It is unfair to blame Miss Perkins for showing the circumspection practised by all her colleagues.

The animus against Miss Perkins undoubtedly existing in Washington goes back largely to the days of the NRA. General Johnson was, and is, a soldier and a gentleman, and the flower of chivalry. He was not at ease in dealing

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with a woman who professed to be a feminist. For weeks he did not know, or pretended not to know, how to address her, and once devoted part of a press conference to explaining, with evident relief, that her correct title was Madame Secretary.

Their first run-in came over the steel code. The General correctly thought that if he could once bring the steel companies within the NRA, the toughest part of his job would be over. In his anxiety to conciliate the steel executives, he largely lost sight of questions of labor policy. The full story of the NRA steel code has yet to be told. But, at the time, it was widely reported that the first code negotiated by General Johnson was turned down by Mr. Roosevelt, who demanded that the labor provisions be revised and strengthened. It was also reported that Mr. Roosevelt acted principally on the advice of Miss Perkins. Shortly before that Miss Perkins had toured the Pennsylvania steel towns, defying company police who tried to prevent her from speaking, and giving national publicity to the terrorism under which the workers were living—a journey that, by itself, should entitle her to be Secretary of Labor for life. There is little doubt that General Johnson greatly resented what he considered her interferences.

The conflict that arose thereafter between the General and Miss Perkins was probably desired by neither. It was, however, inevitable. The Wagner Labor Board was formed, and, in those happy days when the Schechter case was still undreamed of, it was assumed that it was destined to become the chief labor agency of the government. Because he believed Miss Perkins difficult to work with, General Johnson tried to keep the Wagner Labor Board within his own jurisdiction. On her side, Miss Perkins saw the substance of her job as head of the Labor Department slipping through her fingers. The result was that Miss Perkins and Mr. Richberg formed a strange, uneasy alliance to eject General Johnson from his post.

It requires an effort nowadays to recall the position that the General held in Washington. He was the crown prince, and frequently outshone Mr. Roosevelt himself. He was the idol of most newspaper correspondents. Even people who disapproved heartily of the NRA had great sympathy for the man himself. During that long, painful summer of 1934, while General Johnson was taking leave of the NRA, the hostility of his men friends fell upon Miss Perkins.

The episode had many elements of comedy, and, with General Johnson's departure, the hostility towards Miss Perkins ought to have evaporated. Undoubtedly it would have, if Miss Perkins had had more worldly sense and gayety. She gave the impression, however, of having been deeply hurt, and of finding it difficult to forgive those who had been on General Johnson's side. Among the Johnson partisans were several of the present leaders of the CIO, and her relations with them grew fairly frosty. Her press conferences, which had never been exactly hilarious, developed into the most doleful affairs in Washington. On a number of occasions, when she was in fact doing all in her power to help a group of strikers, she had let newspaper correspondents get the feeling that she was unsympathetic or indifferent.

Apart from her real merit as Secretary of Labor, the fact that she is a woman makes it important that she be retained in the Cabinet. Women have had the vote for fifteen years, and they ought to be taken into the political life of the country without further delay. For the first woman Cabinet officer to leave her post, or to be transferred to another post, at a time when she was under criticism, would be extremely unfortunate. Mr. Roosevelt has a great gift for creating friendliness, and if he were to intervene to smooth Miss Perkins' relations with other administration officials, and with the CIO leaders and the press, he would be performing a real service.

Washington. T.R.B.

Other People's Money

The Coming Battle in Coal—A United Front with Steel—The Steel Corporation Makes a Blunder

ONE BIG, ominous crack appears in the rosy skies ahead for the steel industry. Here in Pittsburgh, where I have been looking about, the hotel orchestra plays nightly, with an air of radiant gayety, "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." And truly he is, to all the towns in these steel hills. But the news of the week carried one foreboding note in the announcement of the soft-coal operators that they will ask for a revision of the coal wage agreement that expires April 1. They will demand the same wage but a longer work-week. The significance of this lies, not in the coal industry itself, but in steel. For it marks, perhaps, the first sign of the coming steel war—and there is little doubt in these regions that there will be one. From all appearances, the action of the CIO unions in steel will not be long delayed and it looks now as if the expiration of the coal wage agreement will create the proper set of circumstances for precipitating the steel battle.

The steel workers are new in the exacting and difficult technique of industrial war, but the coal miners are seasoned veterans. They have been through fire and know what a strike means. If the steel men can be led into a strike, the creation of a united front of steel and coal, of the raw recruits of steel backed by the hardened regulars of the soft-coal fields, may make a difficult situation for the steel corporations to face.

Certainly Lewis will find it difficult to postpone action beyond that time. He has already made immense strides in organizing steel towns. He has proceeded day in and day out, town by town. A week ago he directed his shock troops against Homestead, site of many huge steel plants. Every day, three times a day, his flying squadrons are there at the mill gates as the workers move out in droves. At Rankin, before the great gates of the United States Steel Corporation's blast furnaces, a large group of men handed out literature, handbills, application cards, while a big sound truck played stridently, "Be Wise and Organize." I saw company-union representatives handing out leaflets.

At Homestead, at three in the morning, as the night turn was coming off duty with a mean drizzle making a dark and somber mist—"smog," they call it here—the flying squadrons were at the gates, with sound trucks and a brass band playing away. Speakers on the truck appealed through amplifiers in half a dozen Slavic dialects, as well as English

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and Italian, to the men leaving the mill in the rainy dawn.

"Pay no money," read the cards. "No dues until February." This is in contrast to the A.F. of L., which, when its spokesmen not long ago were organizing the structural steel workers at the Jones and Laughlin plant, demanded an initiation fee of $110. When the organizers reported at headquarters that men had long been out of work and had no money, the A.F. of L. replied: "No $110—no membership," and the union evaporated.

All this CIO work is bearing fruit. While the flying squadrons carry on the show, the organizing committees in the plants are at work signing up the men. I was told that, at the end of the week, the organizers had 4,100 members out of 10,000 working in a Homestead mill, and the work is really only getting under way.

By February 1 the dues will be payable. By that time Lewis must have a plan of action. By April 1 the coal wing of the great industry must face a wage agreement. The coal industry has its "captive mines" inside the walls of steel. There is a community of interest between steel and coal. If Lewis has his steel legions sufficiently lined up in the next two months, we may look for the steel battle by April 1.

As usual, the bad strategy of the United States Steel Corporation, ruled by bankers, lawyers and some very top-lofty gentlemen from New York, has become evident here and given to the Lewis organization its greatest aid. It came about with the 10-percent increase in wages. The industry had about agreed on the wage increase, but the United States Steel Corporation decided to couple the increase with an agreement with the company unions, and this has caused no end of trouble. Here is the story:

The increase offered was an average of 10 percent, but ranged from 9 to 11.7 for different groups. But United States Steel asked the company union to enter into an agreement, for a year, to couple wages with cost of living. Here is the slick way in which they proposed it. The men were given wage increases. The cost-of-living index is now 80.2. If the cost of living went up 10 percent, then the index number would be 90.2, but would wages go up 10 percent? By no means. The 10-percent rise was to take care of all increases in cost of living, past, present and future, up to 90.2. Then if the cost of living went up another 5 percent, wages would rise 5 percent. In other words, cost of living would have to rise 15 percent above present levels before workers got another 5-percent increase. If the cost of living declined 15 percent the wages would decline 15 percent and as some wages would have gone up only 9 and 5 percent, or 14 percent in all, the wage when the cost of living returned to present levels would be lower than now.

The company union in the Carnegie-Illinois plant saw this. In one plant the representative of the company union rejected the agreement, although he accepted the wage increase. The leader who did this was a clear-thinking, resolute steel stripper named Elmer Maloy. A few nights later Maloy was elected general chairman of the representative committee of all the seventeen Carnegie-Illinois mills. And all the representatives passed resolutions supporting him. This stupid action of the United States Steel officials, denounced even by E. T. Weir of National Steel, has practically delivered the company unions of Carnegie-Illinois into the hands of Lewis.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Social Drama

You Can't Take It with You, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. The Booth Theatre, December 14, 1936.

Days to Come, by Lillian Hellman. The Vanderbilt Theatre, December 15, 1936.

IF THIS review of Messrs. Kaufman and Hart's farce comedy were the morning after, it should be full announcement of most agreeable news. A weekly journal needs a different review. This play is one of those happy affairs whose annals are short, but whose run might go on for years, not to speak of road companies, and afterwards stock companies. Without Mr. Kaufman's staging no small amount of the effect might disappear, but other directors might think of other things, and only a very bad one could kill the bubbling possibilities of this play. It deals with a family that is all hobbies, musical instruments, making fireworks, keeping kittens, dancing, snake collecting, what you will. The daughter of this house is secretary to a rich business man; the man's son wants to marry her. The two families are brought together, the two philosophies exhibited, in a scene cleared of too much economic fact.

In one of these houses Grandpa Vanderhof has retired from business when an income of two or three thousand was assured, enough for him to do as he liked, collect snakes, go to Commencements at Columbia and live in and on the affections of his family. The other house presents the business magnate, with a chic wife, and a son who is restless and dissatisfied. By a good stroke on the authors' part there is also a certain affection even in this family, whatever their boredoms may be. To a dinner party that the daughter has planned, her financé's family are coming, the snakes, fireworks, dancing, music, typing and so forth having been for that evening removed. But the fiancé brings his parents a night too soon, when full and loving chaos pervades the household, to which is added an actress whom the playwriting mother has picked up on the bus and who shortly gets tight. The expected reactions happen —though not crudely set out in the old stage terms—and then in the last act the proper precipitations are effected.

Perhaps in this act the moral of the tale is rather rubbed in, the folly of all this pursuit of money and success when there is happiness around another corner. The preaching here might be for some people a bit thrust at us. If so, the fact remains that it is a very familiar moral that we have all at least heard many times. In that sense, you see, it can take its place beside almost any human simple truth. Plainly such a truth might be only subconsciously self-evident to the fiancé's millionaire parent, even though in his youth he had aspired to saxophones and other forms of cacophony, only to be checked by nationally minded parents. On this side there is a great deal in this play that we have heard before, but there is also a great deal that we have not before seen. And that is the way life also is, is it not? "You Can't Take It with You" works a little hard at times, but that will with repetition be shortly absorbed. In general we delight in its substitution of humor for Broadway wisecracks. All through the company the casting is good, and where the acting *per se* is not so good as the casting, the directing bucks it up. The best of the acting is that of Mr. Henry Travers, but that should surprise no-

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body. The subtle thing about his impersonation is that he makes Grandpa's history and remarks seem to spring first from character and temperament, and only afterward from any conscious doctrine. In general the design of this piece is arranged to come from the light that pours over all of it; everything appears within a certain pleasant extravagance of spirit; and the smile of an easy charity is the scale by which life is measured. A certain bright innocence, sometimes a nimbus for certain of those lovable heads, but always at least an atmosphere, pervades the whole.

If this play is published, it should be packed with bracketed italics, in which the authors, seeing themselves as staging it for the reader too, set forth in high spirits the fullest amount possible of the comment, directions and detailed invigorations that get into the performance.

Miss Lillian Hellman, author of "The Children's Hour," which but for the final act was indeed a play worth talking about, has now again in "Days to Come" an intuition of substance that is notable. For the material, then, we must say bravo! The situation arises from the combination of certain factory owners and the strikebreakers they have called in. Within such a situation might easily appear themes of sex, infidelity, disruption of hitherto peaceful social arrangements. The rest is the dramatist's affair.

"Days to Come" is lumpy with dramas not written, or shall we say that it has many forces and motifs that gather one by one, pressures and sentiments, single to themselves, I fear, like that plain in Leacock which was finally crowded with solitary horsemen. Perhaps it suffers an overwhelming stylistic hurdle. It exhibits a combination of stage writing that is elliptical and stage writing that is expressionistic. Another way to express that would be to say that on speeches short beyond belief an intensity of emphasis is put preposterously. We have definite economy, we have infinite implication. To this is added a portentous directing, such time-taking and pausing as should prepare us only for gathering thunder. In plain prose such pausing and such deliberation are suited to two things only; one of them is all jolly trick, a game played, a divertissement in the arteries, such as we found, for instance, in "Kind Lady." The other is where the whole effect has been secured by a powerful atmosphere, charged with such meaning and anticipation as will give to even the slightest word dramatic impact, and will echo down our moody corridors like the raven's cry (at least in ballads).

It will take another essay at some time or other to discuss this solemn approach in the director's method for any given play. How should we know when it is plumes on his part, pomposity, anemia or somnambulism? It is hard to know where to put your foot down in these matters, since as La Rochefoucauld says, the same wind that snuffs candles yet kindles fires.

In this piece the air, though not without significance, was on the whole stifling. And where this happens, kindly and nervous reviewers must pick someone out of the company for eminence. In this case it fell inevitably to Mr. Charles Dingly, as head of the strikebreakers. But his pauses seemed to me as infinite as obvious, his poise inexhaustible—to praise in actors the sort of thing Mr. Dingly did is only to encourage a new kind of vanity.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

It appears . . . that the Vatican knew all about the Vikings' trips to America and kept their evidently excellent maps in secret archives. When the Pope got ready to use this secret he employed Columbus as his agent.

The whole affair was part of the Jews' and Catholics' plan for robbing the Nordic races of the fruits of their superior intelligence, courage and initiative.—*From a pamphlet by Heinrich Reinsch, quoted in a Berlin dispatch to The New York Times.*

We had to call a halt. I therefore found it necessary in the decree announced today to forbid all criticism and replace it with art observation or art description. That does not mean the limitation of free expression of opinion.—*German Propaganda Minister Goebbels.*

In referring to government welfare work, Dr. Angell declared one of the rarest qualities in all human relationship is the personal touch which the private agency can offer and which the government clerk cannot and does not give.—*President Angell of Yale, quoted in a news item in The New York Times.*

Patriotism in a Thin Nutshell

Now Is the Time for All Good Men to Come to the Aid of Their Country. The only time in the history of the nation has patriotism been offered at a bargain price, but here it is in the form of a plan to help in a great conservation movement by planting improved, thin-shelled, black walnuts at less than half price.

No higher ideal in life can be obtained than that of so formulating one's life program that posterity can be benefited—a much finer patriotism than dying on the battlefield for political cause.—*From a circular issued by John W. Hershey, author of "America's Nut Heritage, or Twenty Years of Progress in Nut Culture."*

Liberalizing by "Loving Force"

The International Catholic Truth Society is undertaking to organize 500 young women to collect funds throughout the city for medical supplies to be sent to the fascist forces in Spain, the Reverend Dr. Edward Lodge Curran, president of the Society, announced last night. . . .

Dr. Curran charged that "the newspapers of Manhattan and Brooklyn have been very unfair to the anti-Communist group in Spain" and asserted that "because I control $20,000 of business with one Brooklyn newspaper I have forced them to take a more liberal attitude."—*From a news item in The New York Times.*

Mr. Hearst Should Get After Uranus

Uranus is in a place that is believed to encourage the acceptance of wrong ideas and dangerous sophistries. Communist activities now will be widely effective.—*From an astrological article in The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Pointing Fingers Across the Sea

SIR: Your editorial of November 25 entitled "Britain's Responsibility for Spain" annoys me, as an Englishman. One self-righteous and smug article, like Waldo Frank's a little while back, can be allowed to a journal so consistently sensible and admirable as yours, but not two. *I* can say, and have been saying, that the failure of the British government to give its legal right of buying arms to the Spanish government is cowardly and treacherous—because I am an Englishman and living in London. If there is any danger of war because of the reversal of this action, I shall be bombed, and it is my two sons who will be gassed or torn in pieces. So I may, without being an unctuous Pecksniff, say the risk should be taken. How can *you,* who would not be even inconvenienced, abuse Englishmen for not so doing? (Don't say you only meant *some* Englishmen; even if that alibi had any point, you entitled the article "Britain.") If you wish to express the feeling we all have that the Spanish government should have its arms, what about yourselves? How about an article entitled "America's Responsibility for Spain"? Where are *your* shipments of arms to Barcelona? Hasn't *your* State Department (faced by no conceivable danger of war, remember) done its legal best to block supplies of arms to both sides, just as Baldwin has? Aren't arms, in fact, being only supplied by contemptible little Mexico?

Throughout the Victorian Age, the British had an insolent way of preaching at and sneering at foreign radicals for not throwing all caution to the wind and risking all for Justice against Napoleon III, the Tsar, or whatever. Themselves, they sat at home at Tunbridge Wells in perfect righteous safety and read Mr. Gladstone's speeches. Nor did they investigate too closely the acts of their own Liberal rulers. Now, why import after all these years that peculiarly annoying habit into your columns, which are usually so much the sanest and best mannered of all New York publications?

London. RAYMOND POSTGATE.

[Critical comment on the action of governments seems to us a legitimate function of a journal which attempts to deal seriously with world affairs and has an international circulation. Such comment is not in the nature of advice from a citizen of one nation to the people of another, but derives whatever force it may have from its intrinsic merit. Furthermore, the thesis of the editorial was that the action of the British government had made war more likely than the course we said should have been taken. The action of Washington was, of course, a reflection of the decision in Paris and London, and we should have been happy had all these capitals adopted a different line.—THE EDITORS.]

Prince Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid"

SIR: Concerning Upton Sinclair's letter in The New Republic for December 23: When Prince Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid, A Factor in Evolution," was published at the beginning of the century, The Athenaeum said: "A most suggestive and stimulating study," while in The Clarion is found: "If I described this new work of Prince Kropotkin as the most important English book published for several years, I should not be guilty of excess." J. A. Thomson in his little book, "Evolution," says of it: "A valuable account of the inadequately appreciated 'other side' of the struggle for existence." Upton Sinclair calls it an "epoch-making" book.

In fact, there was never any doubt in my mind about the significance of Kropotkin's work until I read a statement by Joseph McCabe that Kropotkin was entirely wrong. It was because McCabe is a rationalist and socialist that I gave his statement much consideration.

Knowing that Raymond Pearl has a high reputation, I wrote him and he replied: "I would say that never at any time did Prince Kropotkin win any great number of adherents among professional biologists for his mutual-aid theories, and I should think that the number of followers now was still smaller." Mr. Wetmore, at the Smithsonian Institution, referring my letter to Dr. Herbert Friedman, Curator of Birds, replies that Dr. Friedman "states that the book had a wide vogue when it first came out and has since been much neglected. He adds that as a descriptive (not interpretative) account of commensalism and symbiosis, it presents a good deal of reliable information. Kropotkin's explanations are not in keeping with much of the more recent work."

Deciding to argue it out with McCabe, I wrote him a letter criticizing his views on Kropotkin. He replied that "any up-to-date manual of evolution or paleontology will confirm that Kropotkin exaggerated the mutual-aid factor in evolution and underrated its violent factor." But if anything the struggle-for-existence factor in the hands of Thomas Huxley went beyond bounds; nature was a "gladiatorial show," a very arena of "tooth and claw." Kropotkin did not deny the element of struggle but protested that "up to the present time, this current alone has received attention from the epical poet, the annalist, the historian and the sociologist."

Kropotkin knew every aspect of Darwin's teaching, and "Mutual Aid" is nothing more than an exhaustive extension of the fourth chapter in the "Descent of Man." The struggle for existence is to be understood in a metaphorical sense. Kropotkin pointed out that this is what Darwin said in the beginning of the third chapter of "The Origin of Species."

Kropotkin wrote, just before his death: "No biologist has so far refuted this contention of mine." Is there some lone wolf in the wilderness?

MELVILLE KRESS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Farmer Criticizes Labor

SIR: On the whole I am far from satisfied with The New Republic.

There are many scholarly, well written articles which I enjoy, and then the whole thing is spoiled by the outcropping of your ingrained prejudice that since labor has been wronged, therefore labor can do no wrong. Let me give specific illustrations of this attitude of yours which is repugnant to a man on the side lines like myself:

Mass picketing has become a regular adjunct and accompaniment of all strikes both small and large. This picketing is avowedly always of a peaceful nature, but practically always, as far as my observation goes, degenerates into violence. In the recent strikes here on the Coast, I have talked with some of the strikers and am told that a large proportion, sometimes even a majority, do not care to strike, but that they are intimidated and overinfluenced by the loud-speaking agitators.

For instance, in the recent strike in Seattle of the automobile repair-shop men, this was true. Many men did not want the strike and did not vote for it. Some of these men tried to go back to work and were beaten up by the pickets. One man in particular who was a customer of one of the shops tried to enter the shop and was beaten up. Violent beatings of this character were a daily occurrence during the three or four weeks or more of the continuance of this strike. The fact that this was winked at by the . . . labor-elected Mayor Dore is beside the point. The fact is that the strikers beat and bulldozed anyone who attempted to enter a shop they were picketing. This is only a concrete illustration of the regular procedure of all strikes.

When a city government worthy of the name steps in and arrests the beater-up or the group of beaters-up, for it is usually done by a group, we hear of the fact through The New Republic by a reference to the "usual rough treatment of strikers by a capitalist government." This is the usual attitude of the "Red" toward any restraint of labor when it becomes violent.

Now, I will grant you that the recent treatment in New Jersey of labor and labor sympathizers by the constituted government is quite as reprehensible as Mayor Dore's recent treatment of law-abiding citizens. I do not grant your assumption that all labor is badly treated and underpaid.

I know that up to a year or eighteen months ago, a great majority of farmers during the days of depression worked either for

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nothing or received from 5 to 15 cents an hour for their labor. They ran into debt for their living. They were better off than the consumer laborer in that they had farms to lose; and many of them lost their farms. But they did not turn communists and have no sympathy with communism.

Right now in returning prosperity we feel highly successful if we can make our personal labor on the farm return us 25 to 30 cents an hour.

I know full well that this means quite as much as double that wage in the city. But when we farmers see city laborers who are receiving 75 cents to $1 an hour striking for "higher wages and better conditions" we have very little sympathy for them or for any periodical which bemoans their downtrodden condition.

H. L. WILLIS.

Mt. Vernon, Wash.

[Our correspondent should remember that while there is often violence from the labor side in a strike, there is often violence from the other side as well, and even the labor violence is frequently provoked by employers' spies in order to get the workers into trouble and bring the police or military into play against them. Moreover, the decision as to which side is guilty of violence does not decide the question as to which side is right in the dispute.

We do not hold that "labor can do no wrong." It so happens, however, that in many disputes today the employer is attempting to break a genuine union itself, or to refuse to deal with it. To anyone who believes in collective bargaining, this attitude is always mistaken, no matter what the specific issues as to wages, hours, etc. Workers do not usually undertake the risk and sacrifice of so serious a thing as a strike without good cause.

Hourly rates of pay are by no means a good test of the justice of a demand by a given group of workers. How many hours of work are available per week, per month, per year? What skill and what risk are involved? What can the industry afford to pay? As a matter of fact, very few city laborers do receive as much as 75 cents or $1 an hour. Most of them do not get half that.—THE EDITORS.]

Have It Your Own Way

SIR: "Inhale & Exhale," my second book, published during February this year by Random House, is not included on your list of *100 outstanding American books of 1936.*

I have not read any of the books on your list, so of course I do not know if any of them are outstanding. I sincerely believe, however, that "Inhale & Exhale" is not only outstanding among American books of 1936, but outstanding among any books, of any time and any place.

I shall be very grateful to you if you will publish in The New Republic the above two paragraphs.

WILLIAM SAROYAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

The Twelfth Mexican Seminar

SIR: The Twelfth Seminar in Mexico will be held next July, and will, as usual, be led by a distinguished group of authorities on Pan American affairs, including Herbert J. Spinden, René d'Harnoncourt, Chester Lloyd Jones and Charles A. Thomson, as well as by prominent Mexicans.

As a part of that Seminar there will be held the First Festival of Pan American Chamber Music, sponsored by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and directed by Carlos Chavez. In addition, the Committee is conducting in January and February a two weeks' Seminar in Guatemala, with a program organized along the familiar lines of the Seminar in Mexico. The Committee also announces for February a Mid-Winter Institute in Mexico, with a program of lectures, round tables and field trips. Membership in these seminars and institutes is open to men and women concerned for the increase of inter-American understanding. Applications and requests for information will be welcome.

HUBERT HERRING, Director,
The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.
New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Victor A. Yakhontoff, chairman of the American Pushkin Committee, informs us that the executive committee has authorized him to express its appreciation of Edmund Wilson's essay on Pushkin in our issue of December 9. . . . "As a lover of Russian literature and one who knows many of Pushkin's great lyrics by heart," Joseph Kramer, of Missoula, Montana, thanks us for the two essays on Pushkin.

From the Women's Peace Union comes a copy of a letter to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, appealing to him to propose to the Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires that it extend its friendly offices for the restoration of peace in Spain. The letter is signed by some two hundred women, among them leaders in educational, artistic, literary and social fields.

The recent article attacking Commonwealth College in Liberty magazine is labeled as false by Walter McCabe, of Philadelphia. Mr. McCabe, who was brought up a Roman Catholic, attended the college for three months and calls it "a force for the making of a greater America." . . . Winifred Chappell writes from the college to trace the source of the article to a pamphlet put out by the Ku Klux Klan, and to ask whether there is not some connection between this and other attacks and the fact that the college continually takes an active interest in the struggle for better working and living conditions for the Arkansas sharecroppers.

Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, calls to our attention the case of Hans Reisenfeld, a German alien who faces deportation unless he obtains a pardon from Governor Lehman of New York. Reisenfeld was convicted on a charge of petit larceny, and although his sentence was less than a year and a day the Department of Labor has ruled that it makes its decision to deport on the maximum sentence possible, in this case five years. Judge Charles C. Nott Jr. of the Court of General Sessions has written in protest to Secretary Perkins and other letters to Governor Lehman are suggested.

Lawrence Estevan, chairman of the editorial board of Material Gathered, the magazine of the Federal Writers' Project of San Francisco, thanks us for the review by Karl Schriftgiesser in the issue of December 2, but points out that the magazine is not "government-subsidized." Government subsidization is what the writers are fighting for.

A. J. Graham, of Denver, Colorado, writes that a gift of five hundred books was received at Denver University from the Nazi consul, "ostensibly to further cultural relations between the two countries."

The Hollywood Academy of Arts and Sciences sends us a copy of its protest to the Yale University Corporation over the removal of Professor Jerome Davis.

Carl E. Moore, of Detroit, Michigan, describes an enthusiastic meeting held in Detroit for the cause of the Spanish loyalists, at which $3,600 was raised, and condemns the newspapers for carrying little or no news of the meeting.

Approval of Henry Pratt Fairchild's suggested tourist boycott of Italy comes from Carolyn Harrow, of New York City, and Joseph Resnick, of Brooklyn, both of whom think that Germany should be included.

Next month the bi-centennial of Thomas Paine's birth will be marked by the erection in Paris of a statue by Gutzon Borglum of the famous American author of "Common Sense," Joseph Lewis of the Freethinkers of America writes us.

What's on the Air?

Pierre de Lanux, foreign editor of Courrier des Etats-Unis, discusses the European situation from Paris. Sunday, December 27, 12:30 to 1 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Unrestricted debate is promised in a forum discussion of the question, "Should Professors Be Active in Politics?" by students and professors of Northwestern University. Monday, December 28, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

Villa Alberta Winner, editor of The Clubwoman, talks of some of the activities outlined for clubwomen in 1937. Thursday, December 31, 2:30 to 2:45 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Marx and Plekhanov

AFTER several years of incessant fighting over Marxian criticism, two of the essential texts[1] have at last been published. One of them is Jean Fréville's collection and translation into French of Marx's and Engels' opinions on the art of writing. The other is an English version of two essays by George V. Plekhanov, by far the most important of the Marxist critics in Russia before the revolution.

The first thing that strikes you about Fréville's collection is its briefness. Almost everything that Marx or Engels said about literature and literary theory is contained in a book of two hundred pages, with nearly half of it devoted to comments by the editor. Moreover, the texts are fragmentary, often consisting of a sentence or a paragraph and rarely extending to more than a thousand words. It is evident that Marx never developed a general system of esthetics. He had planned such a work when he was young, but he got no further than taking notes, and the notes have disappeared. His books and his correspondence with Engels are full of salty and sometimes peppery remarks on literary subjects. Nothing that the two friends wrote in this connection was meant to be taken as holy writ. On the other hand, they stated and restated certain principles that are extremely useful as a guide to critics.

Art and literature, they said, do not exist by themselves; human life must always be considered in the richness of its interrelations. Economics is ultimately the determining factor in art as in other forms of human activity, but it is by no means the only factor, and its effect is exerted in complicated and devious fashions. Thus, it is only when the history of art is studied over long periods and wide territories that its curve begins to parallel the curve of economic development. Eras of transition are generally favorable to the flowering of great talents—and the great talents are men like Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe (but not Schiller) and Balzac (but not Hugo) who mirror the complex life of their times. For Marx, vigor, richness and truth are the ultimate standards of literary judgment.

Toward propaganda or *Tendenz* literature, Engels stated their attitude in a letter to Minna Kautsky. He was commenting rather harshly on a book of hers that would now be called a proletarian novel. "Probably," he said, "you feel the need of publicly taking sides in this book, of proclaiming your opinions to the whole world. But that has been done; it belongs to the past, and you needn't repeat it in this form. I am not at all opposed to propaganda poetry as such. The father of tragedy, Eschylus, and the father of comedy, Aristophanes, were both very clearly poets with a thesis, as were Dante and Cervantes. . . . But I believe that the thesis must inhere in the situation and the action, without being explicitly formulated; and it is not the poet's duty to supply the reader in advance with the future historical solution of the conflicts he describes."

That is about as far as Marx or Engels went in propounding the general principles of art. But their comments on individual novelists and poets are always illuminating; and what they say about Eugène Sue and Balzac is likely to discourage any of the left-wing critics who may have been judging books in a spirit of partisan politics.

Eugène Sue was "on our side"; he had to go into exile for his political opinions. He was also the most prominent of the many French proletarian or pseudo-proletarian writers who flourished before the revolution of 1848. He claimed that in his novels he plunged into the shadowy depths of society, there to uncover its secret crimes and reveal the causes of the ills from which it suffered. His longest book, "The Mysteries of Paris," was praised by many devout communists, but Marx loathed and despised it. Analyzing the story at great length, he found that it was inspired by a windy middle-class idealism, and that it assumed a pitying and patronizing air, thereby insulting the proletarian characters whom Sue was pretending to cherish.

Balzac was "on the other side"; he claimed that his novels were composed "in the light of two eternal truths: Religion and Monarchy." Yet Marx admired his work and planned to write an extended study of it just as soon as he had finished "Capital"—which was always to be "next year." Engels said, in a letter to a young English left-wing novelist, that Balzac was "a far greater master of realism than all the Zolas, past, present or future." The letter also explained the basis for his judgment, saying that Balzac describes, "in chronicle fashion, almost year by year from 1816 to 1848, the ever increasing pressure of the rising bourgeoisie upon the society of nobles that established itself after 1815. . . . Around this central picture he groups a complete history of French society from which, even in economic details (for instance, the rearrangement of real and private property after the French Revolution), I have learned more than from all the professional historians, economists and statisticians of the period together. Well, Balzac was politically a legitimist; his great work is a constant elegy on the irreparable decay of good society; his sympathies are with the class that is doomed to extinction. But for all that his satire is never keener, his irony never bitterer, than when he sets in motion the very men and women with whom he sympathizes most deeply—the nobles. And the only men of whom he speaks with undisguised admiration are his bitterest political opponents, the republican heroes of the Cloître-Saint-Merri, the men who at that time (1830-36) were indeed the representatives of the popular masses." It was in this same letter to Margaret Harkness, only a first draft of which survives, that Engels scribbled on the margin: "The more the opinions of the author remain hidden, the better for the work of art."

The final impression left by Fréville's collection is that Marx and Engels were men of exceptionally sound taste who read for recreation and solace and enjoyed literature for its own sake. Sometimes they pointed out the deep underlying connection between art and politics. Thus, in long letters to Ferdinand Lassalle, both of them criticized the plot of his sixteenth-century historical tragedy, "Franz von Sickingen." They explained convincingly that his misjudgment of the role played in Germany by the knights and the rebellious peasants had weakened the dramatic conflict—both the matter and the form of Lassalle's play had

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[1] Sur la Littérature et l'Art: Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels. Edited by Jean Fréville. Paris: Editions Sociales Internationales. 204 pages. 15 francs.

Art and Society, by George V. Plekhanov. Translated by Paul S. Leitner, Alfred Goldstein and C. H. Crout. New York: Critics' Group. 94 pages. $1.

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suffered from a political error. On the other hand, the two friends did not censor the political conduct of writers they admired. Marx felt—so Mehring his biographer tells us—"that poets were peculiar people who should be permitted to go their own way and must not be measured with the standards of ordinary or even extraordinary mortals. If they were to sing they must be flattered; it was no use belaboring them with severe criticism." The severe criticism was likely to be reserved for stupid people who attacked literature from the standpoint of the higher ethics. "I have tried as long as I could to preserve my respect for the fellow," Engels wrote about an eager Russian socialist, "but it is no longer possible. What can one say of a little gentleman who, after reading his first novels by Balzac (and to make it worse the novels were 'Le Cabinet des Antiques' and 'Père Goriot'), speaks of them in a toplofty fashion, with utter disdain?"

Sometimes Engels seems to be addressing the Marxian pedants of today, in deep-voiced imprecations rumbling from the grave. "It happens all too often that people think they perfectly understand a new theory and can apply it without effort after merely grasping its essential principles. That isn't always true in practice. More than one of our recent 'Marxists' cannot be absolved from this fault—and they have done some really curious things."

George V. Plekhanov was a revolutionary critic of great learning who based his work on Marx's and Engels' political doctrines rather than on their literary opinions. The two essays translated by the Critics' Group are practically the first of his literary studies to appear in this country, but it seems to me that their influence had already reached us at second hand. Next week or the week after, I want to discuss them in their double relation to Marx and to American left-wing criticism. MALCOLM COWLEY.

Henry Adams' Wife

The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams: 1865-83, edited by Ward Thoron. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 605 pages. $5.

THE LETTERS of Mrs. Henry Adams throw a flood of light upon the Adams engagement-book. And since the Adams engagement-book included some of the best known names of the seventies and eighties in both Europe and America, those who like to read personal gossip about the distinguished and the merely prominent will find this the sort of reading they like. It consists of letters written by Marian Hooper Adams to her father (except the interesting opening letter to Mary Louisa Shaw about the grand review of Sherman's army) during two sojourns abroad and three years of her residence in Washington. A careful editor has supplied some biographical material about Mrs. Adams, a whole Who's Who of footnotes and several appendices on genealogy, politics and other matters relevant to the text.

These letters tell us a great deal about Mrs. Adams, a great deal less about her husband, and almost nothing about the real intimates of the Adams household. Such close friends of Henry Adams as John Hay and Clarence King appear very often in these pages, but never in any very revealing light. This is partly, no doubt, due to the fact that they were too well known to her father to require characterization, and partly, perhaps, to the fact that Mrs. Adams was at her best in characterizing people to whom she was either hostile or indifferent. There are many portraits in this category, clearly etched—the word is peculiarly fitting, for her method is both acid and biting. Robert Browning "is growing old; his Promethean spark is put out"; Whistler is "even more mad away from his paint-pots than near them"; Freeman, the historian, was "Pufendorf in the flesh. He was simply and inexpensively attired in a rusty brown beard of unusual length"; Senator Voorhees "—alias, the tall sycamore of the Wabash—is an inflated, bombastic, ignorant man too uneducated to build a pigpen."

The lady who thus reveals herself in what she says of other people fortunately had other qualities besides a malicious wit. These letters show her to have been gay, amusing, kindly to people she liked, generous, selfish, conventional, so sure of herself and her social position that she was almost, but not quite, unaware of her sureness; a *grande dame* more by social position than by nature and hence not above occasional arrogance and snobbery; in short, the perfect type of the bright young woman born and married into the purple, or what passes for it in this great democracy—"the rich and well born." Having never known how it feels to be unsure of one's place in human society, she cannot understand that feeling in others; and this obtuseness often makes her appear lacking in human warmth and sympathy.

But her observations are often keen and just—on personalities, on English and American society of her day, on the Germans whom she disliked, and the Spaniards whom she found sympathetic. Toward certain people she was merciless. James G. Blaine is either a "beast" or a "rat." Roscoe Conkling is a "beast"—her favorite term of opprobrium—and so of course is Guiteau, with whom Mrs. Adams unknowingly shook hands, to her comical dismay, while he was on trial for the murder of President Garfield. She was interested in art as well as politics and people, and rather prided herself on her taste—a pride more justified by the works she did not like than by those she did. She was certainly no discoverer in the collector's province. She found that French art in 1879 "runs low." Yet Manet, Dégas, Pissarro, Renoir, Rodin, were all at work in the Paris of that day, to mention only a few artists of the period whose works are treasured by modern collectors. On the other hand she rejected Story and Vedder, both of whom were fashionable. She found Whistler's portrait of his mother "affected," and lamented that "His etchings are so charming, it is a pity to leave that to woo a muse he can't win."

There is nothing here that throws light on the tragedy of her death, which so deeply and strangely affected her husband that he managed to write the whole of the "Education" without even hinting that he had ever been married, and not only married but an "utterly devoted" husband, if his wife is to be believed. The editor's reticence almost matches that of Henry Adams. He confines himself to the simple statement that the strain of her father's illness and death undermined her health and that "she died a few months later, on the sixth of December." Certainly there is nothing in this happy chronicle that hints of tragedy to come. Of course considerate people have a way of sparing beloved parents any hint of unhappiness or maladjustment; but these letters have a positive quality of gayety which it is hard not to believe quite genuine. If one is moved to speculation, one might rather assume from this very gayety, the impression the writer gives of happy adjustment to her world, that her tragedy may have arisen out of the terrible shock of her father's death, crashing in upon a serene and sheltered life that had never known any deep sorrow of its own or been deeply affected by the sorrow of others.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE.

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Write Your Congressman

The Yearbook of Agriculture: 1936. Washington, D. C.: Superintendent of Documents. 1,200 pages. $1.25.

PULLING into Washington during the season of political doldrums and in the dead of the night, I taxied to Capitol Hill, having in my heart the desire for an office where there were no visitors, no ladies of leagues, peace or patriotic, and where for once I could enjoy the solitude of silence so seldom coming in the life of a congressman. On my desk lay a book of somewhat boudoir color. It was entitled "Yearbook of Agriculture." There was a print of an ear of corn, and "1936."

And though such publications generally give me the miseries, I read—and I swear it—until a rooster, located in the Negro slums close to the Capitol, crowed raucously. Genetics, my friends, for Secretary Wallace has been a corn-breeder for thirty years—but the book is all about crop and livestock breeding, inbreeding and crossing inbreeding lines.

I have gone to studying this book, and talking about it; lonesome congressmen—(D), (P), (F-L) and even (R)—say it's the best we have gotten out since first the dull, now bright, presses of the Government Printer began rolling out such publications. It costs you a dollar and a quarter, is attractive, and the make-up is excellent. Confidentially, if you are a bona-fide scientist or farmer, you can write your own congressman and get one for nothing, while they last. It has nearly twelve hundred pages, pretty illustrations, weighs three pounds and fourteen ounces, and will be set upon your doorstep postage free.

Now let us read some of the introduction written by Secretary Wallace to the world's first survey of the "superior germ plasm" in farm crops and livestock:

> The science of genetics is still young and growing. I trust that the day will come when humanity will take as great an interest in the creation of superior forms of life as it has taken in past years in the perfection of superior forms of machinery. In the long run, superior life forms may prove to have a greater profit for mankind than machinery.

In it we see his suspicion of the machine. For he well knows that the invention of the steel plow, the perfection of the tractor and of harvesting machinery have made possible the rape of the plains, so that where vast herds of buffalo, then cattle, once roamed on thick sod, the land is now whisked off by winds or eroded by water, until it looks like the seamed and furrowed face of an Indian devil mask. By the misuse of machinery we have destroyed our heritage.

But the book is not about soil erosion. It is about the genetic principles learned in the past forty years, paralleling the same progress made in medical science and nutrition. Patient research, detailed experimenting are there.

Of course, general life processes cannot be speeded up like machines. But what happens with increased knowledge is that the breeder can set definite objectives, like resistance to disease in tobacco, or longer staple in cotton, or greater productivity in corn, and attain them with ever increasing certainty and precision. As a result, the science is getting bolder and daring to dream of creating wholly new forms of life that will fit our needs better and give us greater abundance than the forms we now have.

Outstanding specialists write a series of articles on the breeding of improved forms: of the wheat you eat, the cotton on your back and the tobacco you smoke. There are stories of "dual-purpose" (meat and dairy products) cows, horses, swine, sheep and poultry—all told in language more nearly non-technical than any I have seen in previous publications.

I asked to be shown these activities, and was taken twelve miles from Washington to see the world's most amazing effort to establish, on the ground, a research center. It is the Beltsville Agricultural Center in Maryland, twenty thousand acres. Some three hundred years ago it was the property of Lord Birmingham; his manor house still stands. These properties were worn-out farms, eroded and gullied land; forests cut down and regrown many times in the centuries. Now stand fine buildings; there are roads; the land is already being reconstructed. The buildings are for science, and so built. Pigs from lands beyond the seas for crossing and development, horses, sheep—life in general.

Oh, the book. It was produced by Secretary Wallace's Committee on Genetics. They point out important things, and tell of difficulties. They have sensibly put their statistics in another volume, instead of laying you dead with such clutterings in the main book. They bring out some of our illusions, or traditions—for instance, that of pure-blooded stock. Slavishly, we have the "pure-blooded" theory, which may be all out of line with sensible improvement, or ordinary utilitarian purposes. There are "vested interests" among the breeders, who fight change and progress just as do the mugs of the Liberty League. The Yearbook boys are fairly frank in calling a spade a spade.

Brave new stories are told of hybridizations—such as chickens with pheasants; wheat with strong perennial grasses, producing perennial wheat; sugar cane, and its 150th (but strong) cousin, sorghum. All this brings up basic questions. Why develop superior forms of life, greater production, which we do not know how to distribute? Obviously, we must not go back to the stone age and disease; we must face the machine, rope, tie it and tame it.

MAURY MAVERICK.

Two Lives in the Bronx

All Brides Are Beautiful, by Thomas Bell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THIS BOOK is the story of Susan and Peter in the Bronx, but it is also the story of young people in any American city. They get married, Peter loses his job, they think about things a little, and they go to the movies. Mr. Bell knows his characters so well that he can like them even when they amuse him—and they amuse him very often. The result is a story, told with civilized humor, that is completely honest and frequently moving. It is at the same time realistic and romantic—realistic because the people in the book recognize the limitations of life in depression America; romantic because they refuse to recognize the limitations as inevitable; and realistically romantic in that the story deals with married people in love, a condition that is more frequent in American life than in American fiction. Mr. Bell observes the life of Susan and Peter with an almost feminine relish for details—what Susan wore and where she bought it, what Peter got for breakfast, and the dishrag that dried as stiff as a board (as dishrags have a way of doing, in life if not in fiction). The result of this devotion to detail is that the reader becomes indifferent to the absence of climax and crisis and finds his attention held by the dishrag, by the pajamas vs. nightgown controversy, by Mrs. Beasley's difficulties with the newlyweds in her furnished room, by Peter's feet, which ache whenever he is bored, and by the healthy vulgarity

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and bawdiness that flourish in walk-up apartments in the Bronx. But the book is not intended to be merely entertaining. It is a proletarian novel, but one of a new type, one that apparently subordinates the serious intention to the humor of the story. Still, the argument is there, implicit in everything that Susan and Peter and their friends and acquaintances say and do. JOSEPH KRESH.

The Haymarket Bomb

The History of the Haymarket Affair, by Dr. Henry David. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 591 pages. $4.

EVERYONE has heard of the Haymarket bomb, whose explosion May 4, 1886, on a raw, rainy night on an almost deserted square, marked the impact of early-day monopoly, crude and raw, on democratic America. Who threw that bomb? No creditable evidence ever connected the four men hanged, the one who blew his head off in prison awaiting execution, or the three later pardoned, with the throwing of the bomb. From the materials of that unsolved mystery, which loosed the country's first big Red-scare, Professor Henry David has written a book at once sober and dramatic, scholarly and fascinating. In its pages the jurist concerned with the legal aspects of the Haymarket case, the student of society and the casual reader of detective yarns alike will find absorbing interest.

The Haymarket meeting, called like ten thousand others to protest a police assault on pickets, promised to wind up as quietly. Mayor Carter Harrison had just left the desolate, gas-lighted square. "In conclusion . . ." said Samuel Fielden. But he never concluded. Just then 180 policemen marched up to the wagon from which he was speaking. Captain Bonfield commanded the meeting to disperse. Fielden was about to descend; a dynamite bomb hurtled through the air. One policeman was killed outright, six fell mortally wounded.

Whoever threw the bomb, and whatever be the merits of bomb-throwing, that particular bomb was rooted in the times, as inevitable as the McCormick harvester strike and the eight-hour-day movement. The industrial backdrop, as sketched by Dr. David, is at once a picture out of the Middle Ages and these modern times. The proto-Liberty Leaguers of 1886, quickly rich from the rapid exploitation of the West, were not abashed by the squalor surrounding them. Unions, they commanded, must be crushed. The police existed to suppress labor organization. When workingmen turned to the ballot for correction, their votes were torn up. While the situation, in its worst aspects, does not differ essentially from that of 1936, the methods used were cruder. It was before the days of employee-representation plans in factories and personnel-management courses in the universities. Small wonder that in Chicago, most typical of the raw adolescence of industrialism, some should abandon all hope of peaceful progress and advocate "propaganda of the deed."

In the man-hunt that followed the Haymarket bomb, eight social revolutionaries landed finally in the police net, were duly charged with murder, were duly tried by a hand-picked jury before a biased judge, and found guilty of a crime none of them had committed. Adolph Fischer summed it up: "I protest against my being sentenced to death because I have committed no crime. I was tried . . . for murder, and I was convicted of anarchy." When Governor Altgeld years later, in pardoning the three men who escaped the noose, excoriated Judge Joseph E. Gary, the jury and the entire process, he too was crucified.

Did the Haymarket bomb destroy the Knights of Labor, halt the eight-hour-day movement and weaken the labor unions for decades, an opinion widely held in the universities and among older labor leaders? Dr. David contests the conclusion in a remarkable final chapter.

But who threw the Haymarket bomb? The author has painstakingly sifted every theory and clue. The question probably never will be answered. It may have been a social revolutionary. Some notables of the time, including such a cautious observer as Henry Demarest Lloyd, held that a police provocateur may have thrown it.

Of far more importance is the answer to the question raised by the Haymarket men themselves: Is a violent revolution inevitable in social progress? The recent election has raised the hopes of those who answer in the negative. Events in Spain indicate—in Spain at least—that when a democratic government tries to institute far-reaching reforms, the men of the Haymarket were right. Did they foresee that the Tribune McCormicks, the Knoxes, the Dawes and the Insulls of 1936 would be much like the Marshall Fields, the Judge Garys, the Harvester McCormicks and the Joseph Medills of 1886?

HARVEY O'CONNOR.

Work Songs and Hollers

Negro Folk Songs, as Sung by Lead Belly, transcribed, selected and edited by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. New York: The Macmillan Company. 254 pages. $3.50.

Negro Songs of Protest, collected by Lawrence Gellert. Published by the American Music League. 47 pages. $1.

THE NEW book by the Lomaxes is in essence a novel, a drama or even an opera; and if that seems too wide a net to fling around what seems to be a study of Negro folk songs, turn to it and discover for yourself. The first quarter is devoted to the history of Lead Belly, "the famousest nigger guitar player in de world"—his own designation. Here the compact yet casual narrative lights up a character and sets a tone, largely through the inclusion of Lead Belly's accounts of himself and his exploits, with women, on the chain gangs of Texas and Louisiana, or in the world outside, fighting, singing, playing his twelve-string guitar all the way from his native territory to New York and Cambridge and back again. In the remainder of the book his "sinful songs," blues, work songs, hollers and ballads are set down with music, prefaced here and there by informal notes in which the Lomaxes recall the occasions on which this lusty genius sang them; or they are interspersed with Lead Belly's own talk, which breaks into the music and sometimes seems part of it. By throwing the fifty songs into the body of the chronicle, by filling out the action and developing the other characters, the whole could easily become a basic libretto and score, and let us hope that it does. Here is the richest sort of musical material, not glorified or refined as has often been done with the Negro spirituals, including many variegated moods, keeping humor, satire, by-play, and salty vulgarities. The adventures of the Lomaxes in collecting songs from the prison camps and levees of the South and elsewhere are too well known to need commentary, and this book adds greatly to their contributions, but it exceeds even the rich "American Folksongs and Ballads" because of its concentrated, dramatic interest.

The small sheaf of "Negro Songs of Protest" collected by Lawrence Gellert would have gained by a full discussion of their unusual character or by a juxtaposition against

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other songs of a different emotional content. Their explicit bitterness is not typical of Negro songs as we know them. The Negro in America has become a past master in the use of indirect satire in song or speech; his bitterness is rarely exposed for long, and may easily be overlooked; he often means several things at once and lets you take your choice. These harsh and definite protests against white exploitation, applied so directly to Negro labor problems of the day, seem forced. Perhaps the Negro should compose such songs, but it seems a question whether he often does.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Life in the Theatre

My Life in the Russian Theatre, by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated by John Cournos. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 376 pages. $3.75.

COMMISSIONED and pressed by his American publishers, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko has turned out a book which is neither a personal nor an artistic biography. Perhaps his duties as co-director of the Moscow Art Theatre as well as director of the Musical Studio made it impossible for this seventy-year-old leader of the world's largest and most famous dramatic company to concentrate on a comprehensive theoretical work or a mature summary of his professional experience. "My Life in the Russian Theatre" is a series of chats around five major topics: Anton Chekhov, the founding of the Moscow Art Theatre, Maxim Gorky, the first tour abroad, and the Tolstoyan elements in the Art Theatre. These chats reveal a man of culture of a peculiarly Russian type: thoughtful without heaviness, idealistic without fanaticism, purposive but urbane, quietly determined, charmingly relaxed, altogether normal.

These chats, like all good talk, abound in illuminating anecdotes, stimulating reflections and some significant facts. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko does not attempt to expound a coherent philosophy of the theatre. But if we are alert in our reading, the material of his "conversation" will shape itself into a meaning. For the history and example of the Moscow Art Theatre are perhaps an even greater contribution to the cultural world than its specific art. If we organize the information that is strewn rather casually through the present volume we shall see that the Moscow Art Theatre was beset, in its development, with all the problems and difficulties that all serious effort in the modern theatre is heir to, and that their solution, slowly arrived at, cannot come about any more rapidly or very differently in Europe or America from the way it did in Russia.

We generally assume that the Moscow Art Theatre arose under the most favorable circumstances. On the contrary, conditions in the Russian theatre at the end of the last century were inferior to those of our theatre in 1915. Money was hard to find for the new venture and, even after many triumphs, the directors were harassed by lack of funds; the plays of Chekhov were not instantaneous box-office successes—only the repertory system sustained them—and the Theatre was unable after Chekhov's death in 1904 to develop playwrights of its own. (Chekhov wrote only two plays for it directly. The others were "revivals.") Only one Gorky play was popular. The radical intelligentsia was not completely satisfied with the Moscow Art Theatre repertory after 1905; the first tour abroad was a financial success only through the accident of Kaiser Wilhelm's visit. The theatre did not have a conscious "ideology" at the beginning—simply a program of truth to life, dignity and the artist's determination to be honest toward what he sees, feels and learns. But in this was the seed for all that developed not only in but out of the Moscow Art Theatre. The "reward" for the work done from 1898 to the present came through the numerous important theatres that it influenced or gave birth to and through the high social status it acquired after the revolution. With the revolution, the Moscow Art Theatre gained its real pupils and its real public; the entire youth of the Russian theatre, and the whole Russian people.

Without intending it, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's book answers a fundamental question: what is necessary for a long life in the theatre? The answer is so simple as to seem banal: what is necessary is artistic integrity. It is this that produces will, perseverance, technique, craftsmanship, the capacity to develop, to adjust to every condition and finally to be important from one generation to another. It is this that enabled the Moscow Art Theatre to pass from the Chekhov-Tolstoy period through the years of reaction, the War, the revolution, the civil war, the new period of socialist reconstruction, and remain at all times a vital factor in Russian culture. HAROLD CLURMAN.

Books in Brief

Edna St. Vincent Millay and Her Times, by Elizabeth Atkins. The University of Chicago Press. 280 pages. $3.

ELIZABETH ATKINS has brought to her task a practical and ardent knowledge of literature, past and present. In fact, the book is studded with the names of the great. Miss Atkins' reliance upon the masters to carry her points comes at times dangerously near to confounding (by sheer numbers) her own considerable talents of discrimination. It is, however, the author's intention throughout to show the roots and sources of Miss Millay's writing chiefly in the classics and the poets of the English Renaissance. The book is not, beyond reason, devotional. It is written with sincerity and enthusiasm, rather than with great attainment of style. Chiefly it is significant as the first detailed and generally published effort to place Miss Millay in relation to her times and her contemporaries. Miss Atkins' appraisal of the latter is not always so reliable as her judgments concerning Miss Millay. H. F.

Social Security by Common Law, by Henry E. Jackson. New York: Social Engineering Institute. 198 pages. $2.

This small volume, dealing with a substitute for the Social Security Act, offers a plan which is neither social nor conducive to security, and which is even inferior to the present act. The proposed plan calls for a self-supporting insurance system, with employers and employees paying for retirement annuities, life insurance, unemployment wage-reserves and other features. However, the retirement annuities suggested by Mr. Jackson are miscalculated, and his wage-reserve feature for unemployment insurance is completely inadequate to furnish unemployment benefits. The entire plan will be financed by a payroll tax on employers and an income tax on employees. As a result the employee will pay for his own tax through deductions from his wages, and will pay for his employer's tax through higher prices. Mr. Jackson denounces all governmental subsidies, notwithstanding the fact that all successful social-insurance systems include such subsidies as an essential part of their finances.

A. A. I.

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Where the Weak Grow Strong, by Eugene Armfield. New York: Covici, Friede. $2.50.

Reading this novel is something like walking in a crowd—glimpsing faces, rubbing elbows, hearing scraps of conversation: but never really getting in touch with any of the people you pass. Experimental in form, blurbed by the publishers as having a startling technique, Mr. Armfield's novel attempts to capture what might be called the emotion of a small town in North Carolina (presumably High Point). The author's method of doing so is simply to introduce as many characters as possible, giving a few lines, perhaps a paragraph, to each, then dropping most of them completely. The result, consequently, is not emotion but confusion. Mr. Armfield writes capably but is apparently of the notion that the frequent use of strong Anglo-Saxon words makes for strong prose. It doesn't.

H. B.

The Clergyman's Daughter, by George Orwell. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

This is a study of English clerical life side by side with the poverty of London's down-and-outers. We see through the eyes of a clergyman's daughter who, after years of drudgery in a poor vicarage with an exasperating and selfish father, loses her memory and finds herself in the London slums. Many of the London slum people become hop pickers in the season and when they go off to the Kentish hop fields the clergyman's daughter goes with them. The comparison of the clerical life and outlook with that of the slummers and hoppers is made most vigorously; throughout the book the writing is of a high standard and the author has studied the hoppers' phraseology and presented it excellently, giving us an English speech that is deeply expressive and vital. He has, it is true, given us two very extreme pictures—the worst type of English clergyman and the lowest depths of slum squalor—but both are entirely authentic extremes and by no means rare.

R. V.

Contributors

DEWEY H. PALMER is an engineer and physicist who is technical supervisor of the Consumers' Union of the United States, Inc.

LEWIS MUMFORD is known to readers of The New Republic for his many books and articles on art, literature and the social sciences.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN is the author of a study of race relations in the United States, "The Negro Faces America," a critical appreciation of D. H. Lawrence, and two volumes of poems. In 1930 he edited "Letters of John Marin." Mr. Seligmann recently returned from a tour of central and eastern Europe.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE, author of "Concerning Women" and "Art in America," was editor of The New Freeman.

MAURY MAVERICK, the progressive Representative from Texas, contributed the first article to the current series in The New Republic, "The Next Four Years."

HARVEY O'CONNOR, the author of "Mellon's Millions" and "Steel: Dictator," is managing editor of The People's Press, the national labor tabloid.

CONSTANCE ROURKE's "Audubon" was published this fall by Harcourt, Brace. She is also the author of several books on American cultural history.

HAROLD CLURMAN is managing director of the Group Theatre.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Hildegarde Flanner, A. A. Imberman, Hamilton Basso and Richard Vaughan.

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